

AMONG THIS WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.

The epitaph is that on Elias James, found on f. 41, and reprinted many times since from Malone's modernized text. Malone's reference to the poems by Herrick in this manuscript suggests that he had looked through all its contents, for the Herrick poems are not grouped together but scattered throughout the volume. Even without that indication, our knowledge of Malone would dispose one to conclude that after finding an item ascribed to Shakespeare which he decided to print, he would have gone through the whole manuscript in case there were others. He would not have passed over an ascription to Shakespeare

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The Oxford Shakespeare, 40 Walton Street, Oxford.

astonishingly far-reaching misinterpretation," *Inflation*, 1982.

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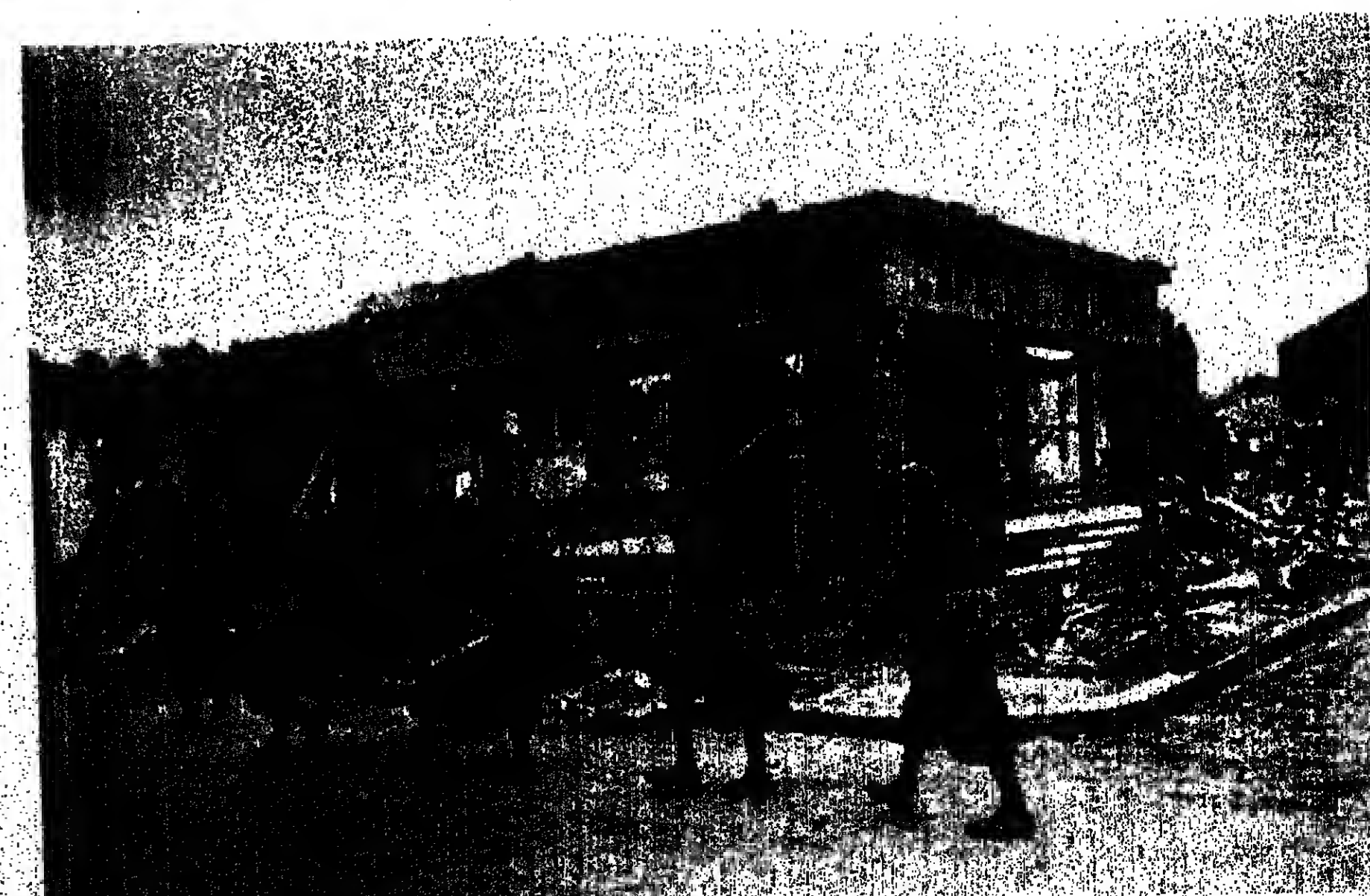
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The Times Literary Supplement

January 3 1986 Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX

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JOANNA MOTTON NICOLA IRVING NEIL PHILIP	Cover picture French soldiers in May 1940 in a shellied village near Verdun, photographed by Carl Mydans and reproduced from <i>Carl Mydans: Photojournalist</i> , reviewed on page 5.
MAUREEN McCULLOCH	
ANTHONY HOBSON	
DAVID McTTERICK	

Invariably cloudy & cheerlessly calm

Marilyn Butler

THOMAS C. FAULKNER (Editor)
Selected Letters and Journals of George Crabbe
441pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. £40.
0198125704

The appearance of the *Selected Letters and Journals of George Crabbe* is a landmark. Crabbe's papers have remained uncollected and unedited in the one-and-a-half centuries since his death, and there has been no modern scholarly life to add to the perspectives of the pleasant tribute issued by the poet's clergyman son George in 1834, or of René Huchon's detailed but critically unadventurous *Un Poète anglais* (1906). Yet Crabbe is a major English poet, powerful, original, distinctive and challenging. It was of him that Francis Jeffrey, the leading reviewer of the day, said in 1812 - a year in which Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Southey, Landor and Byron were flourishing - that he was "upon the whole, the most original writer who has ever come before us".

Crabbe has failed to make it into university courses or anthologies supposedly encompassing the Romantic movement because he has been pigeon-holed in a period earlier than the one he wrote in. Johnson corrected Crabbe's early poem, *The Village* (1783), and from first to last Crabbe wrote in couplets - two simple reasons for associating him with the eighteenth century. When F. R. Leavis said he "was hardly at the fine point of consciousness in his time", he meant he was outmoded: "His sensibility belongs to an order that those who were most alive to the age - who had the most sensitive antennae - had ceased to find sympathetic." But, as Peter New pointed out in his intelligent study of Crabbe's poetry in 1976, there are more cogent reasons for linking Crabbe with the literary generations after his own than with the ones before. The mature Crabbe wrote narrative poetry, and in psychological insight, in use of setting, in sociological range and finesse, he far exceeds any eighteenth-century novelist; his affinities are with Dickens and George Eliot. Probably his influence begins with Galt, for between Crabbe's *Parish Register* (1807) and Galt's *Annals of the Parish* (1821) there is a close similarity of topic, style and feeling.

In one respect Crabbe does seem profoundly anachronistic among early nineteenth-century poets. For half his career he visibly addressed himself not to his publisher, nor to literary London, nor to mankind at large, but to a single aristocratic patron. Here the letters which are now published confirm this oddly late development, for they are written from two locations in two wholly different languages. Crabbe was born in 1754 at Aldeburgh, Suffolk, the eldest son of a saltmaster. After helping on the quayside, he spent a number of years falling to advance as an apothecary and apprentice surgeon. By the early 1780s he was publishing poetry, and using it as a means to solicit favours from Whig grandees - Edmund Burke, Lord Thurlow, and above all the fourth Duke of Rutland. The Duke made him his chaplain in 1782 and got him appointed curate of Stabern, Leicestershire, in 1784, after which he became vicar of nearby Muston in 1789. Both livings were at the edges of the estate belonging to the duke's seat, Belvoir Castle. Throughout the time he held them, until 1814, it is clear from Crabbe's letters that he thought of himself as belonging to the Duke's service.

Crabbe's grovelling approaches to superiors in the letters do indeed distance him from other turn-of-the-century writers, who liked to depict themselves as independent gentlemen or as citizens of the republic of letters. He also published eulogistic prefaces, or incorporated flattering passages to the Duke or to the Duke's late brother into *The Village*, his dour realistic masterpiece of impoverished rural life - where, of course, they seemed especially incongruous. The radical journalist James Montgomery mocked at this practice from the start. Hazlitt is in top egalitarian form when in 1821 he accuses Crabbe of writing like a disaffected curate, who projects his own alienation on to the poor, and clothes "them all in the same over-seer's drab, lincey-woolsey" he

dedicates successive volumes to rising generations of noble patrons; and while he desolates a line of coast with sterile, blighting lines, the only leaf of his books where honour, beauty, worth or pleasure bloom, is that inscribed to the Rutland family!"

Crabbe's impersonation of one of the servile country clergymen of Fielding or Hogarth did him no good, for his patron the fourth Duke died at thirty-three in 1787, and during the minority of the fifth Duke Crabbe became, as he afterwards confessed to Scott, one of an "old Race" of cast-off feudal retainers. In Suffolk in the mid-1790s, he reported gloomily that he and his wife had "few friends" except those greater than themselves; when they met Fox at a house-party, Fox promised to "correct" the next poem Crabbe should write, and even for Crabbe this was hardly an inducement to begin. In fact he showed no inclination to write poetry at all for about twenty years, while the age of Blake, Coleridge, Wordsworth and Scott succeeded that of Johnson.

Instead he wrote a herbal, collected fossils, and assembled materials towards a natural history of his new locality. Amateur enthusiasm for these supposedly Victorian preoccupations was already in full swing, and John Nichols,

praised for "the power, the accuracy and the hardness of his pencil" omit from his letters almost all reference to landscape, atmosphere or personalities? He had no literary confidant during his thirties and forties, but his miseries in those "blank" years emerge from hints at the time and from plain statements afterwards. A prosperous uncle, a yeoman farmer called John Tovell, died in Suffolk in 1792, and Crabbe became an absentee cleric, living in the hinterland of Aldeburgh with his family for more than a decade. The drawback of this arrangement was that he had to endure the proximity of his aunt Elizabeth Tovell, John's sister and co-heir, whom Crabbe describes to his friend Edmund Cartwright as "some malignant Spirit who has taken the Form of a woman indeed, but no other Disguise whatever". The succession of severe older women in Crabbe's tales may owe something to this inflexible maiden aunt.

Two of Crabbe's four sons died in Suffolk in 1793 and 1796, and his wife deteriorated physically and mentally; she did not know her husband for ten years before her death in 1813. Crabbe educated the surviving boys for the Church, having, he said, no better idea what to do with them. In order to pay their fees at



"A Still Pull", c. 1888, by P. H. Emerson, from *The Photographic Art: Pictorial traditions in Britain and America* by Mike Weaver (144pp. The Herbert Press. £8.95. 0 956669 349).

owner and editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, was recruiting a team of lesser gentry and clerics, including Crabbe, as contributors to his monumental *History and Antiquities of Leicestershire* (1795-1815). The letters show, as their editor Thomas Faulkner points out, that Crabbe played a larger part in writing the natural history section of Nichols's book than has hitherto been supposed, and the point is important for a number of reasons. The project put Crabbe in touch with men in middle life who shared his intellectual pursuits; it seems that his letters, and from a much later description of him by Wordsworth, that he preferred to discuss natural history rather than poetry or theology. Nichols, who was also the encyclopaedist and anatomist of literary London, was a valuable contact, who went out of his way to be helpful by himself reviewing Crabbe's *Poems* (1807) in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. And if Nichols could reconcile sociology with geology, so obviously could Crabbe.

The analysis of rocks has affinities with the analysis of communities, as George Eliot points out in *The Mill on the Floss*. Crabbe's eighteenth-century poems, *The Candidate*, *The Village* and *The Library*, are written in the generalizing style of a Rambler essay, but the first two major poems after his long silence (1810), seem particularly and selflessly in approach, and less indebted to literary precursors. Carlyle noted the disturbing effect in 1816 - "he possesses all the sagacity of an anatomist in searching into the stormy passions of the human heart" - and all the aptitude of an anatomist in dissecting them. It was a quite different art from that of Goldsmith in *The Deserted Village*, but also from that of Wordsworth in *Lyrical Ballads*.

So it's odd that Crabbe's letters are an innocent of sociological observation as the letters of Jane Austen. Why did the poet whom Hazlitt

the road-way and the walls, offence / Invels all eyes and strikes on every sense."

But, characteristically, Crabbe never discusses his parish in his letters, nor gives a view of its inhabitants - a community of teeming poor, of working people thrown on to the parish in a quick succession of shumps, and of some prosperous families of manufacturers and tradespeople. Details about Trowbridge, including the stale urine, come not from Crabbe but from an excellent short introduction to the edition's second part, "Trowbridge in Crabbe's Time", by Kenneth H. Rogers. It is also Rogers's opinion, and nothing in the letters contradicts it, that Crabbe, a "moderate and peaceful" Broad Churchman, as generally well liked in the town for his tolerance and charity, was, for keeping out of controversy and for keeping up his fossil-hunting.

On the other hand the book's general introduction and its wrapper go too far when they tell the reader to expect discussion over a "broad spectrum of subjects - from botanical taxonomy to politics, literary history to agriculture", and an intellectual diversity allegedly greater than that of any living poet except Scott. Crabbe could undoubtedly have conversed in his correspondence on these interesting subjects had he chosen, but he seldom did choose. It seems typical of him to be in Bristol for the Reform Bill riots of 1831, but to have stayed up in Clifton while many important buildings were being wrecked and nearly a hundred people died. "I would have gone to Bristol today", he told his son two days later. "But Mrs Hoare was unwilling that I should. She thought, and perhaps rightly, that clergy-men were marked objects. I therefore only went about half way, and of course could learn but little."

Again, to claim that Crabbe's correspondence throws light on several leading Romantic literary figures is stretching matters. It is true that in 1815 Crabbe's remarkably complete insulation from the literary scene came to a close, for he was approached by another poetic Wiltshire clergyman, William Bowles, who introduced him to Lord Lansdowne's country house, Bowood. Here Crabbe met, among others, the fashionable and wealthy poet Samuel Rogers, and through Rogers got his entry in 1817 into literary and fashionable London. Suddenly *au fait* at Holland House and at Lord and Lady Spencer's home at Wimbledon, doing the rounds of Regency breakfasts and soirées, Crabbe quickly converted into a reasonably current man of letters.

He seems to have adapted to society the techniques he used with correspondents, from Scott on: few general thoughts, no controversy, but some ingenious confidences about his domestic loneliness. He surprised the poet Thomas Campbell, who first met him with Rogers and Tom Moore at Holland House, by seeming so much milder than his "stern" poems, but also by speaking of his unhappiness. Maria Edgeworth, coinciding with him at Bowood in 1821, was less ready to take this innocence at face value:

An amiable old chafy looking thin man - simple in his manners - I think rather too simple. Lady Lansdowne who has good penetration said to me, "I am not quite sure that all Crabbe's nature is quite natural. I think he sees it please and so carries it a little further than is natural."

He evidently enjoyed socializing. Faulkner prints the journal he kept of his first, gilded London visit, in which Crabbe records how, having accidentally missed Rogers and Moore at breakfast, he wanders off to write his daily stilet of poetry at Somerset House. But he finds the unexpected silence so close to the Thames and the Strand quite desolating, "as quiet as the sands of Arabia. I am not quite in good humour with this day; but, happily, I cannot say why."

On the public relations and managerial side of his career, these important new acquaintances made a difference. Crabbe got to know John Murray, who in 1818 offered him £3,000 for his projected new volume, *Tales of the Hall*, together with the copyrights of his old poems. (Longman's, whom Rogers officially induced to bid against Murray, would offer only £1,000 for the same package.) The content of Crabbe's poetry is more likely to have been affected by the series of friendships he struck

Degrees of compromise

Julian Symons

W. J. WEST (Editor)
Orwell: The war commentaries
248pp. Duckworth/BBC. £14.95.
0 563 20349 8
IAN SLATER
Orwell: The road to Airstrip One
302pp. Norton. £14.95.
0 393 01908 X

"The War Commentaries" are those written weekly by George Orwell for transmission to Liddle between the end of 1941 and March 1943, specifically in the role of a propagandist discussing the progress of the war. Only the last few were spoken by Orwell himself, and in this they differ from the cultural readings and discussions in which he took a much more direct part, published last year as *The War Broadcasts* (reviewed in the TLS of May 3, 1985). That volume, with its adaptations by Orwell of stories by Anatole France, Ignazio Silone and H. G. Wells, and its discussions by him of Shaw, Jack London and recent English poetry, was no doubt regarded by publishers and editors as more interesting and valuable than these contributions to the propaganda war. Yet in relation to Orwell (and only those interested in him will look at either volume) the literary material in *The War Broadcasts* is simplistic, devised with an unsophisticated audience in mind. The attitudes behind the *War Commentaries*, on the other hand, the things said and not said, are of great interest in understanding Orwell's development during this period.

"All propaganda is lies, even when one is telling the truth", Orwell wrote in his diary in March 1942, when he had been doing these weekly commentaries for three months. He was addicted to talking awkward and un-

pleasant truths like an alcoholic to hard liquor, and the constant equivocation involved in his work for the BBC must have been a torment. If one looks, as W. J. West constantly does, for passages in the broadcasts pointing towards *Animal Farm* and *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, they are to be found in the nature of the work Orwell was doing and his view of the BBC as "something halfway between a girls' school and a leucate asylum", and not as Mr West suggests in such wartime measures as the fixing of a very low maximum price for a meal (10 pence five shillings), which Orwell specifically welcomed as another step towards Britain becoming "more truly a democracy". A propagandist may have his conscience in relation to the work he is doing, by saying that he has written nothing he knows to be completely inaccurate, but lies are still told by omission, which is no doubt what Orwell meant by his comment. When the Cripps mission to India failed in April 1942, Orwell made the best of it in his commentary by saying that there was "a general feeling that the failure was not complete", and went on to some flannel about clarifying the issue and possible "further advances". But the failure was disastrous, and he knew it. He recorded dismay in his diary, along with bitter remarks about the unhelpful attitudes of Nehru and Gandhi. Later in the year Gandhi, Nehru and other leaders of the Congress Party were arrested, but not a word could be said about it in the broadcasts – any comment even implicitly friendly to the Congress cause would, as West says, have been deleted by the Ministry of Information censor. In general the censor kept a watchful eye on this left-wing eccentric, deleting mention of British class distinctions being wiped out by the war, and removing passages about the benefits of restrictions on making bread with white flour and on "the use of petrol for mere pleasure or conven-

ience", restrictions which Orwell said would be welcomed by the general public so that "the selfish minority who behave as though Britain were not at war can be dealt with once and for all".

A propagandist's necessary lies are not only tacit. In March 1942, a broadcast praised "a speech by Premier Stalin . . . notable for its lack of vindictiveness and for the wise and large-minded way in which it distinguished between the German people and their rulers". In May Orwell quoted approvingly Stalin's words to Stakhanovite workers in the mid-1930s (that is, during the purges) telling them that "life is growing better, life is growing happier". The Anglo-Russian treaty in June lauded lyrical-ly as an event which "may well have a beneficial effect on world history for decades to come", and in November Stalin's words about joining together in "the fight against slavery" are commended. In the context of Orwell's beliefs about the nature of the Soviet Union and its leader, these were untruths. Of course this was the official British propaganda line, and any substantial divergence from it would not have been allowed, but the agony of writing such things was much greater for Orwell than for most of his colleagues.

For the rest, these broadcasts contain their share of mis-hits, good guesses, and whistling to keep up spirits. Within a month Singapore is first said to be a fortress perhaps impossible to take by storm, then a stronghold that has supplies lasting for months and can be taken only with enormous losses, then it has to be admitted that this citadel has fallen with no Japanese losses at all. The good guesses, or intelligent reasoning, include an insistence that the war's issue will turn on supplies, particularly oil supplies, and a statement that the war's turning points have been the Battle of Britain, the German attack on Russia, and what is called Germany's "pushing Japan into the war", with America's consequent involvement. The crucial importance of these events may now seem obvious, but it was highly perceptive to pick them out in September 1942.

Ian Slater's *Orwell: The road to Airstrip One* is one more book about Orwell's life and ideas, which are much less separable than with most writers. After Bernard Crick and George Woodcock, Peter Stansky and William Abrams, T. R. Fyvel, Peter Lewis and many others, after five hours of television and more of radio, is there anything further to be said?

Happy Ending

Here is an ageing author, looking for his book,
His ancient book, perhaps his one and only.
Where are they then, we wonder, those pristine copies
Once duly supplied by some quondam publisher.
Were they burned, did they rot, were they stolen?
Did he give them (it is easy to give them) away?

Mile upon mile he trudges, to no avail,
Calling on bookshop after bookshop, sellers of books
More thick on the ground than you ever imagined.
Not one has his book, nor has anyone heard of it.
An item, it must be, of minority interest;
Or he suffers from delayed delusions of grandeur.

Then he picks up the phone. And in a mere tick
A bookshop proudly professes. It possesses a copy
Of the volume in question, long lost, long sought for!
And is prepared to dispose of it, for a price
Not disclosed to us. But who cares about money?
His wrinkled old face is wreathed in new smiles.

This frankly is a commercial for the Yellow Pages.
British Telecom's gift to us, costing us nothing.
Yet we are pleased by a story with a happy ending.
Glad when old authors recover their youthful pages.

D. J. ENRIGHT

Perhaps it is because Ian Slater is removed from what he is writing as much as Orwell is from his work with Orwell in Burma, and the editor so is to stress much more than Orwell returned to England in 1943, the limitations imposed by his very close, intelligent criticism of Burma leads to the conclusion that for Orwell in the book, "you are either a success or a failure, a guilty impostor man dedicated to bringing down the regime". The ultimate rejection by Flory of the slave generalization, stem from Orwell's assumption that his experience was not unique and individual history. Among the volu-ous primary sources on this subject the most important is the Moscow *Samizdat* journal *A Chronicle of Current Events*. From 1968 to 1982 this documented the movements for national, religious and human rights which had begun to spring up around 1960. Using this journal alone, one can analyse in great detail the movements' inter-connections, their or-ans, their leaders, their social composition and the goals that inspire them.

Most striking of all is the diversity. Contrary to common belief, there is no single "dissent movement" in the Soviet Union, but rather some two dozen major groups, each with its own specific roots and concerns. Does any-one unite – to take some examples at random – educated Moscow intellectuals trying to influence government policy on legal procedure, working-class Ukrainian Baptists seeking religious freedom they enjoyed in the 1920s, combined with an underground network of Jews and Germans who merely want to have the land where their ancestors settled in the distant past?

The answer is yes. Each group wants more freedom in one or more spheres. Each cam-rationalize their power, with "the dictatorship of the proletariat" as a justification for this by peaceful means, buttressed by acceptance of such abuse by the regime. Each uses the state, one might call such a view, the Kremlin cannot disown. Each uses the public services of the Moscow-based human rights movement to make itself known abroad and to its materials to radio-stations broadcasting on the New Right eager to see Orwell's clanking perhaps occasionally in the riding willingly in Margaret Thatcher's chariot.

All this has filled the pages of the *Chronicle of Current Events*, which was, until its apparent demise, the main journal of the liberal human rights movement. It contains an almost complete summary record of those human rights cases on which the Moscow editors received reliable information. It achieved a reputation for painstaking, almost pedantic accuracy, and was published in translation by Amnesty International (all sixty-four issues being available through Routledge Journals).

The fragile mechanisms which enabled the *Chronicle* to function in a police state have been explored by Mark Hopkins in his invaluable *Russia's Underground Press* (New York, 1983). When means of communication like mail and telephone are monitored – and often censored – by the KGB, and when that body is intent on your destruction, the key devices are anonymity for editors and contributors, and the use of private channels based on personal trust between each "link to the chain". The channels functioned in two directions: material for the next *Chronicle* was passed up to Moscow, and – often in a simultaneous transaction – a copy of the previous one was passed down the line, to be retyped for "horizontal" distribution at each stage. But despite all precautions, dozens of the *Chronicle's* key "staff members" – notably the poet Gorbanevskaya, the literary scholar Superfin, the biologist Kovalev, and the mathematicians Velikova and Shikharovich – were dispatched to the Gulag for long terms.

Among the many emigrants Hopkins interviewed, he relied especially on the historian Ludmila Alexeyeva, who was a regular contributor to the *Chronicle* for nine years, and who recently published *Soviet Dissent: Contempor-*

ary movements for national, religious and human rights (Wesleyan University Press). From the embryonic stages of the human rights movement, in the mid-1960s, until her forced emigration in 1977, Alexeyeva was at the hub of dissident life in Moscow. Like Sakharov and others, she dealt daily with members of the other movements, who journeyed to the capital to enlist the liberals' help with publicity, legal advice, lobbying of the authorities, or material aid. Her description of how all this was regularly processed for the *Chronicle* provides some of the most vivid pages in Hopkins's book.

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The bare bones of this tragic story, and its serious consequences for the *Chronicle*, are recounted by Hopkins. But to understand Krasin's psychology and the refinement of the KGB's methods one must turn to *Sud* (The Trial), a remarkable little book published in Russian, which one hopes will soon appear in English. This is Krasin's explanation and apology for his conduct. It takes the form of a dialogue in which the painful truth is extracted by his loyal but severe wife, who presses him with a string of questions requiring ever frank-

Notes from the underground

Peter Reddaway

VIKTOR KRASIN
[The Trial]
New York: Chalidze Publications.
VIN KLOSE
Russia and the Russians: Inside the closed society
Norton. £14.95.
TAAGEPERA
Waiting Without Liberalization In the Soviet Union: The case of Jüri Kukk
Lanham, New York: University Press of America. \$12.50.

While Soviet dissenters are going through their worst years yet, we in the West are gradually gaining more specialized studies of their collective and individual history. Among the voluminous primary sources on this subject the most important is the Moscow *Samizdat* journal *A Chronicle of Current Events*. From 1968 to 1982 this documented the movements for national, religious and human rights which had begun to spring up around 1960. Using this journal alone, one can analyse in great detail the movements' inter-connections, their or-ans, their leaders, their social composition and the goals that inspire them.

Most striking of all is the diversity. Contrary to common belief, there is no single "dissent movement" in the Soviet Union, but rather some two dozen major groups, each with its own specific roots and concerns. Does any-one unite – to take some examples at random – educated Moscow intellectuals trying to influence government policy on legal procedure, working-class Ukrainian Baptists seeking religious freedom they enjoyed in the 1920s, combined with an underground network of Jews and Germans who merely want to have the land where their ancestors settled in the distant past?

The answer is yes. Each group wants more freedom in one or more spheres. Each cam-rationalize their power, with "the dictatorship of the proletariat" as a justification for this by peaceful means, buttressed by acceptance of such abuse by the regime. Each uses the state, one might call such a view, the Kremlin cannot disown. Each uses the public services of the Moscow-based human rights movement to make itself known abroad and to its materials to radio-stations broadcasting on the New Right eager to see Orwell's clanking perhaps occasionally in the riding willingly in Margaret Thatcher's chariot.

All this has filled the pages of the *Chronicle of Current Events*, which was, until its apparent demise, the main journal of the liberal human rights movement. It contains an almost complete summary record of those human rights cases on which the Moscow editors received reliable information. It achieved a reputation for painstaking, almost pedantic accuracy, and was published in translation by Amnesty International (all sixty-four issues being available through Routledge Journals).

The fragile mechanisms which enabled the *Chronicle* to function in a police state have been explored by Mark Hopkins in his invaluable *Russia's Underground Press* (New York, 1983). When means of communication like mail and telephone are monitored – and often censored – by the KGB, and when that body is intent on your destruction, the key devices are anonymity for editors and contributors, and the use of private channels based on personal trust between each "link to the chain". The channels functioned in two directions: material for the next *Chronicle* was passed up to Moscow, and – often in a simultaneous transaction – a copy of the previous one was passed down the line, to be retyped for "horizontal" distribution at each stage. But despite all precautions, dozens of the *Chronicle's* key "staff members" – notably the poet Gorbanevskaya, the literary scholar Superfin, the biologist Kovalev, and the mathematicians Velikova and Shikharovich – were dispatched to the Gulag for long terms.

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er and more humiliating answers. The effect is cathartic and moving.

One of the weakest forms of Soviet dissent has been free trade unionism. The reason for this is made clear by Kevin Klose in his excellent book, *Russia and the Russians*. The centre-piece of this report on his stint as *Washington Post* correspondent in Moscow (1977-81) is his unique account of four days spent in a mining community in the Don Basin. Never before, to my knowledge, have the KGB's barriers for preventing genuine contact between Westerners and the Soviet proletariat been so comprehensively, even if briefly, breached. Now, with e skill and compassion which led the Overseas Press Club in New York to choose his memoir as the outstanding American book on foreign affairs for 1984, Klose has shown exactly how this proletariat is held in a condition of poverty, humiliation and impotence. The régime's political control operated

down to the level of each individual worker, deliberately fostering divisions, resentment and dissonance bordering on hatred within the working class, sapping its unity and potential cohesion in the face of exploitation. Fealty to the party, however cynical, was rewarded by special privileges that guaranteed better tools, higher production, much higher wages, and the eventual promise of improved living conditions. This was one reason why party membership was kept to a tiny minority of the entire population.

These points are illustrated by the pitiful stories recounted to Klose in Donetsk by a dissident miner, Alexei Nikitin, and his friends and relations. Another part of the book describes Nikitin's long years as a political prisoner in the eighteenth-century bedlams which are today's prison mental hospitals in the Soviet Union. From one of these, this resourceful, cheerful champion of the oppressed was released in 1984 when terminally ill, to die at the age of forty-six.

In *Softening Without Liberalization In the*

Soviet Union Rein Taagepera presents us with the equally harrowing story of the life and death of the Estonian scientist Jüri Kukk. While his career blossomed, Kukk was a reluctant conformist. However, a research year spent in France precipitated his suppressed disaffection. He resigned from the Party. Then his dismissal from his job and, soon after, the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, turned him into a fearless critic of Soviet imperialism. His "national democratic" views allied him with both liberals and Estonian nationalists.

In 1980 Kukk was arrested. He refused to answer the investigators' questions, was provoked into a hunger-strike, and appeared in court scarcely able to stand. Because his colleagues abroad organized powerful protests, he was sentenced in a mere two years' forced labour. Then, however, the authorities transported him long distances from one prison to another, until, apparently deliberately, they brought him to his death at the age of forty. Fearing they had created a martyr, they forbade his widow to take his body back to Estonia.

Tagepera tells this story with great restraint. He provides a mass of information on the social, political and family background, which illuminates not just the national dissent movement in Estonia, but also those in neighbouring Latvia and Lithuania. And he compares Kukk's career perceptively with that of the similarly murdered Steve Biko in South Africa.

Despite the régime's abarply increased repression since 1979, dissent in the Soviet Union is endemic and likely to grow. It may take new forms, including terrorism, but cannot be eradicated. Much will depend on which way the divided men in the Kremlin eventually turn. By firmly supporting dissent, the West can, these books suggest to me, increase the chance that reform may in due course prevail over reaction.

Soviet practice of rewriting and falsifying history on a massive, unprecedented scale – an enterprise that has turned Soviet historiography into a perfect illustration of Voltaire's witicism that "history is only a pack of tricks we play on the dead".

As if to counterbalance his superficial treatment of Soviet historicism, Scanlan has written an excellent chapter on the philosophy of art in the Soviet Union. Apparently, some Soviet philosophers acknowledge that there is more to art than the drabness of socialist realism, but the diffusion of diverse conceptions of art is obscured by the fact that unorthodox views are not explicitly or adequately elaborated. As the author correctly points out, "important theoretical issues are deliberately avoided for fear of calling too much attention to heretical positions". Heresy, as a set of opinions at variance with generally established principles, is not the hallmark of Soviet philosophy. Accordingly, in his assessment of the state of the discipline in the concluding chapter, Scanlan notes that "the variety of views defended by Soviet philosophers is none the less severely confined within the framework of dogma that is imposed by political authority". In other words, with the virtual monopoly of institutionalized Marxist-Leninist theory, the Communist Party – always preferring exhortation over analysis – sets the general tone of philosophical discourse in the Soviet Union. For the Soviet philosopher, there is a certain dissolution of critical faculties and an exclusion of individual distinction in the process of "filling in the details" of the larger framework provided by the Party. This is probably one of the reasons why the Soviet Union has yet to produce a really outstanding philosopher.

Because of the extensive research and wide-ranging scholarship which obviously went into the writing, *Marxism in the USSR* is a valuable compendium of contemporary Soviet thought. However, Scanlan's attempt to breathe life into Soviet philosophy, in a fruitless search for genuine pluralism and intellectual honesty, only served to confirm the late John Plamenatz's assertion that "when we turn from German to Russian Marxism, we leave the horses and come to the mules".

Reason of state

Sigmund Kranchberg

JAMES P. SCANLAN
Marxism in the USSR
362pp. New York: Cornell University Press.
\$35.
080141649 3

James P. Scanlan, in his *Marxism in the USSR*, permits himself the surprising observation that "behind its façade of dogmatic uniformity, Soviet Marxism-Leninism harbors a plurality of intellectual interests and convictions . . . marked by fundamental searching and dispute". In this comprehensive summary of contemporary Soviet thought, preface and text alike express the author's belief that "the intellectual culture of the USSR is sometimes richer and more vital than it is often supposed". He avers, however, that "dogmatism and the rigorous political controls under which Soviet philosophy labors are undeniably oppressive". The contradictory character of the book's general conclusions is reflected in a continuous vacillation between sympathetic exposition and censorious exposure.

Scanlan's survey reveals discouragingly little evidence of concrete or "relevant" achievement; the items he offers us as interesting – even profound – are bits of philosophical discourse in areas "distant from public policy concerns", like the epistemology and ontology of dialectical materialism. However, on closer examination, these so-called "controversial" discussions prove devoid of originality and subtlety and seem to be largely confined to metaphysical, isolated issues. A case in point is the almost reverent treatment which we are told is accorded to Lenin's *Philosophical Notebooks* and Engels's *Dialectics of Nature* in Soviet philosophy. Lenin's book – and especially the "Conspectus of Hegel's Science of Logic" – shows a remarkable lack of the organizing intellect usually found in his other works. The tallest "usually found in his other works" is the incompleteness of presentation in addressing philosophical problems is of a piece with his inability to unfold in sufficient detail a methodological reconstruction of Hegel's categories. What he was really attempting to do was to

superimpose expressions of his ideological convictions on selected segments of Hegel's *Science of Logic* – as if he were substituting the word "matter" for the word "idea" – so confident was he that this inversion of Hegel would pay "political dividends". Despite the crudely materialistic reading of Hegel's *Logic* and the absence of a concise, sophisticated analysis, the *Philosophical Notebooks* – which Lenin never intended for publication – enjoy an altogether undeserved reputation as an authoritative source of reference for Soviet philosophers. It is equally incomprehensible why this quasi-philosophical work is treated with scholarly respect in *Marxism in the USSR*. As for the *Dialectics of Nature*, which has acquired in Soviet philosophy the status of a sacred text, suffice it to say that Albert Einstein, who was in sympathy with the democratic aspects of Engels's social views, found it inconsistent and utterly unscientific. Indeed, he declared in a letter written to Sidney Hook on June 17, 1940, that "I am firmly convinced that Engels himself would have found it ridiculous, if he could have seen how great an importance, after such a length of time, is being attributed to his modest attempt".

What else, then, does Scanlan find worthy of praise in contemporary Soviet philosophy? Surprisingly, his choice is the philosophy of history – supposedly one more area "distant from public policy concerns". The author seems to have discovered philosophical strength and relevance in the "divergent approaches to the structure of historical materialism . . . based upon different views of the nature of history as a 'law-governed process'". He even cites Soviet philosophers who feel "the need to put Marxist-Leninist theory in line with the facts of history", while they proclaim the advent of a "new current" in Soviet historiography. But it is quite clear that we cannot take all the pretensions of Soviet Marxism-Leninism seriously. As a matter of fact, attempting to make Marxist-Leninist theory consonant with the facts of history would mean that historical knowledge (and facts) could be formulated only in strict conformity to the current Party line. It is, regrettable indeed that Scanlan did not extend his research into the

Se non è vero, è reverendo

John McManners

JAMES BENTLEY
Restless Bones: The story of relics
245pp. Constable. £9.95.
009 4658501
DAVID SOX
Relics and Shrines
237pp. Allen and Unwin. £12.95.
004 2000459

Here, in these two books, we have ell, and more than all – as Newman might have said – that is known about relics. The overwhelming effect of having to face so many diverse and picturesque fragments of information – some absurd, some potentially moving – is a certain weariness or, indeed, an inclination to laughter. This is the sort of catalogue Voltaire would have relished: scepticism is promoted by the sheer accumulation of improbable detail.

Both James Bentley and David Sox cite Sir Steven Runciman: "Christian relics have never received their due attention in history". The question is, however, what sort of attention should the historian accord them? The answer has been given by Patrick Geary in his *Furta Sacra: Thefts of Relics in the Central Middle Ages* (1978) – a study of the *translationes*, the hagiographical accounts which record the arrival, by whatever means, of a new patron saint to preside over the destiny of some ecclesiastical institution. "The subject of investigation", says Geary, "is not the relic itself but the people who honor it, invent it, buy it or steal it." For the most part, Bentley's *Restless Bones: The story of relics* and David Sox's *Relics and Shrines* do not consider them in the fashion of the historian. Sox writes a guidebook to shrines, with their relics and patron saints. Less than half of Bentley's work is a chronological history; the rest, under headings like "Relics of the Holy Family", or "Great British Relics", is a catalogue – curious details of antiquarian interest divorced from true history.

To be fair to both authors, however, they have consulted the main scholarly writings referring to their subject, and they provide a satisfactory outline of the cult of relics in the Christian Church up to our own day. The rules were laid down by St Augustine. The clothing or ring of a saint ought to be dearer to us than those of our parents – but with two provisos: firstly, provenance must be verified, and secondly, we must remember that it is God alone we worship. From Ambrose's annexation of newly discovered bones of martyrs for the altar of his new basilica in Milan in AD 385 to the ruling of the Second Council of Nicea in 787 that no church was to be consecrated without relic to sanctify it, we trace the way in which the cult became universal. From Helena's archaeological pilgrimage to the Holy Land in 326, to the Venetian kidnapping of St Mark from Alexandria in the ninth century, to the sack of Constantinople by the Crusaders in 1204, we can follow the movement of relics from the East to the West. Mementoes of the saints became psychological weapons flouted by churchmen to outface tyrants; they were used as solemn guarantors of oaths, end as creators of wealth and status for ecclesiastical institutions. Then came the Reformation – the unleashing of savage ridicule and the looting and destruction of shrines.

A good deal of this will be familiar to the general reader, but he may be surprised by some of the off-beat items of news about relics in our own century. The seamless robe of Christ at Saint-Denis, Argenteuil, was stolen by terrorists in 1983; they demanded a ransom in be paid to Polish Solidarity. In the following year, a Russian Orthodox congregation in England built an expensive shrine (for the bones of King Edward the Martyr, donated to them by Mr. Charles, who had dug them from the ruins of Shaftesbury Abbey – but a family lawsuit over ownership has left the remains of the good king stranded in the vaults of a bank in Woking. Nowadays, authenticity has become a serious worry. In 1901, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster got the Pope to force the reluctant Archbishop of Toulouse to send back the skeleton of the martyred King Edmund, but scholarly doubts were raised, and Westminster Cathedral had to get on without this illustrious patron. The Holy

Sudary of Cadouin (Périgord), revered by the faithful for eight centuries, has mysterious lettering on its ribbons. In 1934, it was recognized as Coptic, an invocation to Allah in the name of an eleventh-century Caliph of Egypt. The canons of Trier had two million visitors for their exposition of the Holy Coat in 1959; it was due to go on show again in 1983, but was prudently withheld. More especially since Vatican II, Roman theologians have been austere on the matter of ill-documented saints and relics. Last July, Sox had an audience with Archbishop Van Lierde, the Vicar-General of the Pope, whose office provides fragments of the True Cross on request, but denies the existence of authentic objects concerning the Blessed Virgin. Relics, said the Archbishop – without going into detail – are graded in A, B and C categories: a nice glimpse into the world of *The Keys of St Peter*.

As these two authors are enthusiasts, it is interesting to ask what their views are about authenticity (the historian rarely needs to consider this; it is what people thought about relics that matters). To Bentley, relics impose an obligation to take notice of them. Tourists who drive past Saint-Omer, hastening south to the sunshine, are "heedless". "St Januarius in Naples reminds us to find some alternative explanation for his repeatedly liquefying blood or to continue to believe in the possibility of miracles today." The validity of many miracles attributed to relics is accepted: "naturalistic, psychological or physiological explanations can in no way account for . . . the vast number". Beyond this area of conviction, there is a field for judicious explanation. Relics "seem to have the gift of multiplying". But consider the innumerable nails of the Crucifixion. Some may have held the Cross itself together, some may have been divided, or incorporated as fillings in others, some may be sanctified by having touched one of the originals: "These considerations may help to ease the minds of those troubled by questions about the authenticity of the holy nails." Beyond again, is a field for the oblique phrase, the calculated ambiguity familiar to readers of nineteenth-century works of Catholic piety. Plus IX climbs the steps of the Scala Sancta on his knees in September 1870: "It must be acknowledged, even, by the sceptic, that the Vatican subsequently escaped incorporation into a united Italy." Finally comes the instance when the reluctant admission has to be made that belief is impossible: "At this point, the legend becomes scarcely credible" – that is, when angels

transport the house of the Blessed Virgin from Nazareth to the Dalmatian coast, and from there to Loreto. "Impressive though I find the Casa Santa, I cannot bring myself to believe that the Blessed Virgin Mary once lived in it, or that it was miraculously transported, intact and undamaged, twice in the thirteenth century": I like that "twice". *Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte*.



The Majesty of St Poy, reproduced from David Sox's *Relics and Shrines*, which is reviewed on this page.

Sox's volume is free from such embarrassments. It is a guidebook, enlivened by anecdote and personal reminiscence. There is practical advice; the bus going to Montefalco is not recommended; in Roma, beware the traffic on the Piazza Venezia, and in Bethlehem the "nasty hawkers". If friars of the Order of Friars Minor Conventual show you round, as at Assisi, expect some rudeness – the Capuchins are more sympathetic. Attention is drawn to novelties you could easily miss, like Pope John XXIII's slippers left behind at Loreto in 1962, "the largest I have seen anywhere". Perhaps the most interesting thing to see in the cathedral of Santiago is nothing to do with St James – it is the huge *botafumeiro*, the censer swung on a 200-foot rope by a team of eighteen men.

Fighting free of pollution

A. David Jones

DAVID LAM
Guns and Rain: Guerrillas and spirit mediums
in Zimbabwe
244pp. James Currey, 54G Thornhill Square,
London N11 1BE. £19.50 (paperback, £8.50).
0520 055896

In 1961 a Southern Rhodesian Government minister asked a seminar of anthropologists what Africans "traditionally really wanted". Part at least of that colonial government's thinking was that if only tribal traditions could be restored then African Nationalist parties would lose support from blacks and stop being a nuisance to the white settlers. It was pointed out that David Livingstone (who had "discovered" Central Africa for the British about 100 years earlier) had indicated Christianity and trade as the means of civilizing the natives. Kingsley Garbett, at that meeting, described Shona society (which now forms Mugabe's power base) as still, despite inevitable changes, organized round traditional spirit mediums through whom the *mhondoro* royal ancestors controlled moral and spiritual life.

David Lam, in his excellent book *Guns and Rain*, describes the part played by these mediums in the guerrilla war that led to Zimbabwe's independence. He outlines the changes which have occurred since the fifteenth century, when the Monomotapa empire dominated a large area of the Zambezi region and vigorous trade routes linked it with the Indian Ocean and with Portugal. Towards the

end of the last century the Shona were defeated in battle by the white settlers, as were the Ndebele (who mostly now support Joshua Nkomo). Colonial government encouraged the production of raw materials from agriculture and mining; blacks were compelled by taxation to work for wages at subsistence level, and to live in Native Reserves. And when the government ensured that alarmed chiefs favourable to it got into office, the *mhondoro* mediums began to assert political as well as spiritual power.

Lam describes the way the Shona conceptualize the world, their cognitive map of reality: a history of origin from autochthons and Koro-koro conquerors; a geography of wet highland and drought-prone valley; the heritage of the ancestors, cool water-bearing providers; life, blood-filled but drying out from moist birth to parched old age; the daily round of food taboos, burial practices, sexual prohibitions, attitudes to lions, snakes, hyenas and the obscure but royal pangolin. He uses material researched by himself from the Danda district, and the earlier ethnographic work of Garbett, to show, in well-written accounts, Shona reality from the inside. The reader is presented with the polarities of physical and cognitive structure (unhindered by heavy position-taking on Lévi-Strauss, who is not even mentioned).

When the first guerrillas came into Danda from Mozambique they were taken to the mediums. These abstinent and frugal leaders suited the guerrillas' aims and discipline: what they really wanted was an end to control over their *nyika* (homeland) by European govern-

ment which dispossessed and humiliated them. There is the continual contrast and new: at Terni, St Valentine has sticklers edged with fury and has "a touch of Disneyland"; the Bethlehem is now a crowded place of workshops, an attack distillery and oil factories. Sox refuses to push, proving something in themselves. In to Bentley, he quotes Herbert Thomsen and the *Catholic Encyclopedia* on the development of psychoanalysis as a movement than Otto Rank. From 1906 to 1925 he was Freud's closest associate and colleague, his "son Benjamin, or beloved disciple John". *Der Künstler*, Rank's first book, was also the first psychoanalytic publication by a member of Freud's circle. Rank wrote it in 1905 at the age of twenty-one, and Freud revised it and helped to get it published two years later. By then Rank had finished a second book, *The Myth of the Birth of the Hero*, which appeared in 1909. Three years later, at the age of twenty-eight, he published the massive *Incest Motif in Poetry and Legend*. The function and character of these early publications was conservative and apostolic. The effect of their accumulated influences is to bludgeon the reader into accepting as gospel an epigraph to *Der Künstler*: "It is surprising how far one can trace back all human drives to a single one."

All this time Rank was a student: first at the Gymnasium, from 1906 to 1908, then at the University of Vienna, from which he obtained his doctorate in psychology in 1911. These were also the years in which he served not only as Freud's assistant, but as Secretary to the Vienna Psychoanalytic Society. It is Rank who recorded the *Minutes* of the first years of the Society (1906-15), four thick volumes which constitute a vital early record of the movement's character and growth. Then there was Rank's work as founder and co-editor, with Ferenczi, of the *Zeitschrift*, which became the most important psychoanalytic periodical in German and, with Hanns Sachs, of *Imago*, a journal of "applied" psychoanalysis which continues today as *American Imago*. In 1919 Rank also helped to found and was appointed Managing Director of the International psychoanalytic publishing house, Verlag, which even his enemies admit owed its success to what Ernest Jones calls Rank's "totally astonishing capacity and energy, both editorial and managerial".

As for the work with Freud, it included revision of *The Interpretation of Dreams*, to which Rank contributed chapters, his name appearing below Freud's on the title-page in four editions after 1911. To Havelock Ellis, Rank was "the most brilliant and dextrous" of Freud's Viennese disciples. To Theodore Reik, he was "the best of us". In a letter to Jung, Freud called him "the only one with a future".

But a future is precisely what Rank has lacked. The story of his almost total eclipse, both as a figure of historical importance, and as an independent theorist, is fascinating and distressing, and Er Jones Lieberman, drawing on unpublished diaries, correspondence and scores of interviews, tells it in this new full-length biography with great skill and fairness. It is a story which involves harsh criticism of Ernest Jones, in particular, but also of A. A. Brill, Karl Abraham, and Freud himself, as laid down in Jones's biography, of Freud, Rank, Lieberman argues, was systematically labelled by his enemies, and in the process the early history of psychoanalysis was distorted.

The most damaging of the labels concerned Rank's sanity. When in the mid-1920s Rank sought to extricate himself from Freud's inner circle, to make his own way in Paris and New York, Jones and others labelled the move a sign of emotional instability. Later, Brill, Freud's American translator, and for some time the most influential figure in American psychoanalytic circles, declared Rank's theories a product of "emotional upheaval". To Jones, with whom Rank had clashed over the affairs of the Verlag, and to whom he had long been an object of thinly veiled ill-will, Rank's ideas were "psychotic manifestations". He was like Jung, Jones declared, only Jung was not affected by any of the mental trouble that wrecked Rank, and so was able to pursue an enormously fruitful and productive life.

Thus, though, is patently untrue with respect to Rank, who had a highly successful career in New York, despite the enmity of the psychoanalytic establishment, and produced a steady stream of books and articles between 1925 and his death in 1939. "No-one who knew him at all well after his separation from Freud", writes Lieberman, "saw any evidence of the psychosis Jones alleged." Though subject to fits of depression, the severest of which occurred in 1932, temporarily disrupting his family and professional life, "in general he withstood great stress with great strength". Nor is it true, as Lionel Trilling claimed in a review of the Jones biography of Freud in the *New York Times*, that Rank died insane. "I hope you won't get into trouble", Jones wrote to Trilling, " . . . he died ultimately of a septic pneumonia." Rank's hostility to Jones, Jones claimed, derived ultimately from repressed hatred for his father – rather than, for instance, from Jones having called him "a swindling Jew" (according to Brill: Jones himself admitted only to an "ethnic slur"). "My direct concern", he wrote of the man whose place in Freud's affections he envied and sought to supplant, "was to protect Freud from the consequences."

Complex machinations

Zachary Leader

Z. JAMES LIEBERMAN
Acts of Will: The life and work of Otto Rank
485pp. Collier Macmillan. £28.95.
002 9190207

With the exception of Freud himself, no man did more to ensure the early emergence and development of psychoanalysis as a movement than Otto Rank. From 1906 to 1925 he was Freud's closest associate and colleague, his "son Benjamin, or beloved disciple John". *Der Künstler*, Rank's first book, was also the first psychoanalytic publication by a member of Freud's circle. Rank wrote it in 1905 at the age of twenty-one, and Freud revised it and helped to get it published two years later. By then Rank had finished a second book, *The Myth of the Birth of the Hero*, which appeared in 1909. Three years later, at the age of twenty-eight, he published the massive *Incest Motif in Poetry and Legend*. The function and character of these early publications was conservative and apostolic. The effect of their accumulated influences is to bludgeon the reader into accepting as gospel an epigraph to *Der Künstler*: "It is surprising how far one can trace back all human drives to a single one."

All this time Rank was a student: first at the Gymnasium, from 1906 to 1908, then at the University of Vienna, from which he obtained his doctorate in psychology in 1911. These were also the years in which he served not only as Freud's assistant, but as Secretary to the Vienna Psychoanalytic Society. It is Rank who recorded the *Minutes* of the first years of the Society (1906-15), four thick volumes which constitute a vital early record of the movement's character and growth. Then there was Rank's work as founder and co-editor, with Ferenczi, of the *Zeitschrift*, which became the most important psychoanalytic periodical in German and, with Hanns Sachs, of *Imago*, a journal of "applied" psychoanalysis which continues today as *American Imago*. In 1919 Rank also helped to found and was appointed Managing Director of the International psychoanalytic publishing house, Verlag, which even his enemies admit owed its success to what Ernest Jones calls Rank's "totally astonishing capacity and energy, both editorial and managerial".

As for the work with Freud, it included revision of *The Interpretation of Dreams*, to which Rank contributed chapters, his name appearing below Freud's on the title-page in four editions after 1911. To Havelock Ellis, Rank was "the most brilliant and dextrous" of Freud's Viennese disciples. To Theodore Reik, he was "the best of us". In a letter to Jung, Freud called him "the only one with a future".

But a future is precisely what Rank has lacked. The story of his almost total eclipse, both as a figure of historical importance, and as an independent theorist, is fascinating and distressing, and Er Jones Lieberman, drawing on unpublished diaries, correspondence and scores of interviews, tells it in this new full-length biography with great skill and fairness. It is a story which involves harsh criticism of Ernest Jones, in particular, but also of A. A. Brill, Karl Abraham, and Freud himself, as laid down in Jones's biography, of Freud, Rank, Lieberman argues, was systematically labelled by his enemies, and in the process the early history of psychoanalysis was distorted.

The most damaging of the labels concerned Rank's sanity. When in the mid-1920s Rank sought to extricate himself from Freud's inner circle, to make his own way in Paris and New York, Jones and others labelled the move a sign of emotional instability. Later, Brill, Freud's American translator, and for some time the most influential figure in American psychoanalytic circles, declared Rank's theories a product of "emotional upheaval". To Jones, with whom Rank had clashed over the affairs of the Verlag, and to whom he had long been an object of thinly veiled ill-will, Rank's ideas were "psychotic manifestations". He was like Jung, Jones declared, only Jung was not affected by any of the mental trouble that wrecked Rank, and so was able to pursue an enormously fruitful and productive life.

Thus, though, is patently untrue with respect to Rank, who had a highly successful career in New York, despite the enmity of the psychoanalytic establishment, and produced a steady stream of books and articles between 1925 and his death in 1939. "No-one who knew him at all well after his separation from Freud", writes Lieberman, "saw any evidence of the psychosis Jones alleged." Though subject to fits of depression, the severest of which occurred in 1932, temporarily disrupting his family and professional life, "in general he withstood great stress with great strength". Nor is it true, as Lionel Trilling claimed in a review of the Jones biography of Freud in the *New York Times*, that Rank died insane. "I hope you won't get into trouble", Jones wrote to Trilling, " . . . he died ultimately of a septic pneumonia." Rank's hostility to Jones, Jones claimed, derived ultimately from repressed hatred for his father – rather than, for instance, from Jones having called him "a swindling Jew" (according to Brill: Jones himself admitted only to an "ethnic slur"). "My direct concern", he wrote of the man whose place in Freud's affections he envied and sought to supplant, "was to protect Freud from the consequences."

None of which is to imply that Rank's excommunication derived wholly from politics or personal enmity. His ideas also contributed, especially after he no longer sought to present them as extensions or modifications, in the manner of so much post-Freudian theory. The first explicit stage in Rank's apostasy came in 1924 with *The Trauma of Birth*; itself something of a traumatic birth for Rank, though at the time neither he nor Freud saw it as such (it was dedicated to Freud, and Freud accepted the dedication with a phrase from Horace: *Non omnis moriar*, "I shall not die entirely"). To Jones and others, though, the book "revealed at once the seeds of serious divergent tendencies". Nor were they wrong, since in it Rank sees conflict and anxiety as ultimately independent of outside threats, whether of a sexual or other nature. The trauma of birth, Rank argues, "forms the basis of every anxiety or fear, so every pleasure has as its final aim the re-establishment of the intra-uterine primal pleasure". Though Oedipal fears exist – how could the author of *The Incest Motif* argue otherwise? – they are manifestations of "the primal castration at birth, that is, of the separation of the child from the mother".

Conflict, for Rank, is the product of ambivalent feelings about separation, since human beings possess both a will to independence – a

creative impulse – and a correspondingly deep longing for incorporation or community, a state analogous to "intra-uterine primal pleasure", and one that recalls Freud's account of regressive longings in *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* (1920). All our pleasures, fears and conflicts derive from the opposing impulses of separation and merger, emergence and embeddedness, each of which can be seen both as life or death impulses. Hence Rank's attempt to make termination the focus of therapy, often by specifying a date for the end of treatment. "The work of analysis", he writes, "is really neither more nor less than allowing the patient to repeat with better success in analysis the separation from the mother." And since separation is the focus, treatment ought not to drag on, and might sometimes be limited to a period as short as three or four months.

Much of this (though not the stress on short-term treatment) anticipated the British school of "object relations" theory, though Rank seems to have had almost no direct influence on the theories of Klein, Fairbairn, Winnicott, et al. In like manner, what Rank has to say about the creative impulse or "will" points towards certain trends in American ego psychology, though again direct influence is unlikely (and would never have been acknowledged). "Will" plays almost no part in Freud's writings, except for a few early references in connection with hysteria – as one would expect, given Freud's theory of the unconscious origins of mental illness and his psychic determinism. As for the Freudian "ego", Rank calls it "almost a non-entity, a helpless tool for which there remains no active function". For Rank, on the other hand, ego is "will", potentially active and autonomous, capable of directing as well as diverting repressed energy. In the manner of the autonomous ego posited by the American ego psychologists, Hartmann, Kris and Lowenstein. And just as in a later generation Lacan was to deride the "Americanness" of ego autonomy, that "down-at-heel mirage", so Freud sees Rank's later theories as "conceived under the stress of the contrast between the post-war misery of Europe and the 'prosperity' of America . . . and designed to accelerate the tempo of analytic therapy to suit the rush of American life."

Lieberman takes note of all this, but is better on politics and personal relations than on theory. If his excellent biography has a weakness, it is a failure to present a clear outline both of Rank's developed theory and of its evolution – despite summaries of each of his major works, as well as of several important but neglected papers. This, though, may be as much Rank's fault as Lieberman's, since clarity was not his strong point. Rank was like Jung, and unlike Freud, in his "Germanic" propensity for the encyclopaedic. Again and again in his writings, argument and exposition sink beneath a profusion of examples and variants. As Lieberman himself admits, the "density" of Rank's allusive style has had much to do with his disappearance from the mainstream.

Where Lieberman is best is in his account of the relations between Freud and Rank, an account which artfully interweaves theoretical and personal strands. Freud and his followers, of course, saw Rank's career in orthodox Oedipal terms: his relation to Freud, who was almost thirty years his senior, was that of an adopted son (it was Freud who helped the penniless Rank through his studies at the Gymnasium and the University of Vienna; his parents could afford only to send him to technical school); beneath Rank's exaggerated deference – he was known in the early days for his servility – lay powerful patricidal impulses; when he dared look beyond the Oedipus complex, he was accused, as were most other apostates, of being unable to face its truth, the buried wish to destroy the father.

Rank's version of the break-up also draws on the Oedipus myth; but interprets it in Rankian terms. "Freud neglected an important theme in the Oedipus story", writes Lieberman.

Latus, father of Oedipus, set out to kill his infant son because the oracle foretold the double crime of parricide and incest. The infant was guiltless, the father selfish. As Rank and others have pointed out, the story illustrates the problem of hostility toward the young on the part of parents, who see their own displacement and mortality in the consciousness of creating the next generation . . . Freud could not be a parent who allowed a child full independence.

When Rank himself "regressed" temporarily in 1924, seeking reconciliation not only with Freud but with Jones and Abraham as well, his retreat from independence to submission met Freud's need to remain the inviolable, if not immortal, father. The careful exposition of both sides of this complicated and important story is a great strength of Lieberman's biography. The conclusion to which it leads is that Rank has been misrepresented and wrongly marginalized, and that it is time to put him back where he belongs: at the very centre of the birth of the psychoanalytic movement, and in the vanguard of post-Freudian theory.

emerges rather clearly in this account is his arrogance, and his desire to describe some of the ways in which this attribute led to unnecessary conflict with those around him. Freud's years in the wilderness were not, as he himself maintained, simply due to widespread distaste for his discoveries; some of the isolation was of his own making. In reassessing Freud's achievement we need to weigh two quite different consequences of his overwhelming ambition: the drive which forced a major breakthrough in our thought also led him to unwarranted and dogmatic conclusions which now need to be reassessed. Freud well knew he possessed this quality. In a letter to Fliess he wrote:

I am actually not at all a man of science, not an observer, not an experimenter, not a thinker. I am by temperament nothing but a conquistador, an adventurer. If you wish to translate this term – with all the inquisitiveness, daring, and tenacity characteristic of such a man. Such people are apt to be treasured if they succeed, if they have really discovered something; otherwise, they are thrown by the wayside.

In *Dora's Case: Freud - hysteria - feminism* (291pp. Virago. £11.95, paperback £5.95. 08608 7120) is an anthology of twelve essays by feminists, psychoanalysts, literary critics and a historian on the case of Ida Bauer, the patient Freud called "Dora". In "Fragment of an Analysis of a Case of Hysteria", Contributions by Deutsch, Marcus, Lacan and Erikson provide the core of the anthology; others were selected with preference for those that "question Freud's assumptions about femininity and female desire". The editors, Charles Bernheimer and Claire Kahane, provide a two-part introduction.

One feature of Freud's character which

Assessing an adventure

Peter Lomas

J. N. ISBISTER
Freud: An introduction to his life and work
318pp. Oxford: Polity Press. £25 (paperback, £6.95).
07456 00131

Although Freud's influence on contemporary Western thought ensures a continued interest in his life and work, it is hard to justify the recent flood of books on the subject. And here is yet another. What can an author hope to say that has not already been said?

J. N. Isbister modestly describes his book as an "introduction" and, considered as such, it emerges rather well. There is a quality of freshness and tempered enthusiasm in his writing which, in spite of the occasional understatement of Freud, makes for enjoyable reading; and he has no obvious axe to grind. Even though the book does not provide any important reassessment Isbister correlates the life and the work in ways that are interesting and sometimes illuminating.

In recent years Freud's integrity as a reporter of his findings has come under attack. Not only did he distort case-histories (as François Roustang shows in his book *Psychoanalysis: Never Let Go*), but he concealed aspects of his life relevant to his theories which, if known, might have undermined the latter. Is it, of course, all too easy to judge Freud harshly for these concealments; forgetting the courage required to reveal as much as he did; yet Isbister is right, I think, to focus on the "suspected" findings in order to correct "dur-

misapprehensions. He gives most space to the celebrated rumour that Freud had an affair with his sister-in-law, Milona Bernays. It is not in doubt that Freud had a very soft spot for Milona, but the author presses the charge much further than this. His evidence, however, is indirect, depending in part on reported comments of colleagues (eg. Jung: "He looked at me with hilarity and said 'I could tell you more, but I cannot risk my authority'") and in part on the reinterpretation of Freud's reported dreams and examples of mistakes in everyday life. But we have come to be rather circumspect about interpretations and, to my mind, the evidence of sexual union is suggestive rather than convincing. Isbister does, however, make a good case for the belief that Freud's very strong emotional attachment to his sister-in-law did have a bearing on his ideas about sexuality and the family.

How much does this matter? Is there a serious risk to psychoanalysis if the validity of Freud's evidence comes under suspicion? Not as much, perhaps, as Isbister (and others) believe. The mistake is to equate Freud with psychoanalysis as though the final Court of Appeal was the work of the Master. Psychoanalysts are themselves much to blame for this belief, for, in their frantic efforts to preserve their identity, they raise Freud's writings to the level of a sacred text. Yet, in many consulting rooms over the years, Freud's ideas have been closely scrutinized by people who are not all fools, and some of these ideas have survived the test. The status of psychoanalysis is not dependent on the sexual life of one man a hundred years ago.

One feature of Freud's character which

Making the most of your genes

Lary Shaffer

PHILIP KITCHER
Vaulting Ambition: Sociobiology and the quest for humankind
456pp. MIT Press. £24.95.
0 2621 1109 8

The idea that the form of the social behaviour of organisms is determined by its genetic basis caused little renewed excitement until it was directly applied to man by E. O. Wilson in 1975. Sociobiology is now many things to many people. Philip Kitcher, a philosopher, describes old and new problems for sociobiology which should keep biologists busy for some time.

Kitcher distinguishes between sociobiologists who are merely interested in the evolution of animal behaviour, and pop sociobiologists who appeal "to recent ideas about the evolution of animal behaviour in order to advance grand claims about human nature and human social institutions". He criticizes the writings of E. O. Wilson in particular. Pop sociobiology generally requires the reader to accept that there is a gene for specific behaviours, an error which was propagated by Mendel and which is still fostered in most school biology teaching.

Speeding the miracle-cure

Roy Porter

GLADYS L. HOBBS
Penicillin: Meeting the challenge
319pp. Yale University Press. £30.
0 300 03225 0

The myth of the great man still haunts the history of science. Science is pictured as leaping forward by epic discoveries; and for every discovery a great discoverer: gravity its Newton, penicillin its Fleming.

But was Alexander Fleming such a Carlylian hero? Certainly it was Fleming who "discovered" penicillin in 1928, that is to say, grasped the power of that "mysterious mould from Praed Street" to destroy harmful bacteria. But, as a recent crop of first-class research by Ronald Hare, Gwyn Macfarlane, and Trevor Williams has confirmed, Fleming's role in turning his "discovery" into the greatest life-saving drug the world has known, was surprisingly slight. For this, credit is now generally heaped above all on Howard Florey, the Australian-born Professor of Pathology at Oxford, who from 1939 pioneered the first *in vivo* experimental trials with the drug (on mice and men), and then moved heaven and earth to get the miracle-cure into production in sufficient quantities in time to save the victims of Hitler's war. Florey is now seen as far the greater scientist, possibly a new hero.

The great virtue of Gladys Hobbs's addition to penicillin scholarship is that she gets away from myths of heroes. To be more precise, she tells the story of the transformation of penicillin from mould to manufacture as a long chain of unmythical heroes and heroines (she was one herself, working first at the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia). She doesn't do it sentimentally, bringing forward the back-room boys for their bow. Rather, she provides detailed documentation, on the vast and intricate operation which turned penicillin from idea into wonder-drug, involving a staggering intertwining of skills — scientific, technical, clinical, managerial, financial and political. Developments crowded in upon each other. There was no measured succession of stages from laboratory research to clinical evaluation to industrial production. Partly through wartime pressures, and not least because of the vast doses required to put penicillin's potential to the test, basic research and commercial manufacture had to be concerned together in ways unthinkable today. Indeed, Dr Hobbs suggests, it is dubious whether penicillin research would have proceeded if today's safety regulations had then been in force.

Hence the core of Hobbs's narrative lies in a record of the interchange of expertise and energies between bacteriologists, fermentation experts, clinicians and industrial chemists, helped not least by the enlightened enterprise of leading American pharmaceutical com-

A one-to-one causal connection between any observable trait and any single gene is rare, and perhaps non-existent. Another version of this error is the idea that phenotypic characters such as noses, hair, eyes, and particularly behaviours, are inherited by offspring from parents. Although some careless biologists often speak in these terms, it is clear that biological inheritance is limited to the chromosomes and a little bit of cytoplasm. All other characteristics of the organism are acquired as a result of interactions between these inherited components and their context.

This book is particularly valuable because Kitcher has a considerable familiarity with scientific animal behaviour. He has read the published research and found numerous instances where the data simply do not fit the predictions of scientific sociobiology. He demonstrates that animal behaviourists either dismiss anomalous cases as "reasonable error" in observation or twist their explanations to include the cases which do not otherwise seem to fit.

The assumptions of sociobiologists are very similar to those of most believers in Darwinian evolution by natural selection. So are their problems. Evolution by natural selection is often accompanied by the faith that the structure and behaviour of the organism is the best

panies, such as Pfizer, Squibb and Merck. There was a ready pooling of resources between university, hospital and drug-manufacturer hard to imagine nowadays.

Thanks to Hobbs's account, and to Trevor Williams's recent biography of Florey, no one can any longer assume that once *Penicillium notatum* had been isolated on a Petri dish, there it was, waiting to be injected to save the lives of victims of pneumonia or puerperal sepsis. It had to be developed, yielding higher concentrations. Clinical use, dosage, side-effects, efficacy had to be gauged. And, not least, methods had to be urgently devised for growing the mould in the extraordinary quantities demanded for therapeutic success (here the American "deep tank" technique proved far superior to the British "surface culture" method). Each link in the chain was crucial. In their own ways, the contributions of Norman Heatley, Henry Dawson, Karl Meyer, A. J. Moyer, and dozens of others whose work is explained here, turn out to be hardly less important than Fleming's or Florey's.

Standard history tells us that once Florey was convinced of penicillin's promise, he flew to the United States in the summer of 1941, looking to the Americans to speed its manufacture, convinced that wartime Britain lacked the resources, and the British pharmaceutical industry lacked the will to meet the challenge of mass production. As Hobbs confirms, events seemed to prove him right. By mid-1944 one American company alone, Pfizer, was producing 70 billion units a month; a year later the entire British output remained less than half that amount.

Yet this disparity requires more careful evaluation. How far should it be put down to the Blitz — as Williams suggests — and to factors of relative resources and scale? Or how far — as Hobbs suggests — did attitudes make all the difference? Certainly Florey, the abrasive Australian, believed that the British pharmaceutical industry was more "at-ink-in-the-mud" than the American. But was this correct, or merely prejudice? For her part, Hobbs remembers scientists and federal agencies co-operating in America with an eagerness seemingly unmatched by the more timid developments in England. Does penicillin manufacture provide a further symptom of the British industrial *malaise*?

This book does not always make easy reading; it is sometimes dogged with technical details, and Hobbs's narrative often backtracks on itself. Yet, not least because of its insider's insights, it offers a valuable view of group research and the complex socio-economic network vital for scientific development. Indeed, of old-fashioned "teamwork". Today's fashion is to portray science red in tooth and claw, grabbing at glory and grants. Dr Hobbs's account of collective endeavour offers the relief of human suffering may offer a useful corrective.

possible for producing the greatest success as measured by reproductive output. For example, Kitcher cites an important paper in which Geoffrey Parker, a zoologist, used a mathematical model to predict the optimal duration of mating bouts in dung-flies and then found that the duration actually observed in the field was "quite close" to prediction. Parker asserted that males dismounted and abandoned females only after an optimal number of eggs had been fertilized. A male who spent more time mounted on a female would fertilize a greater proportion of her eggs, but there were rapidly diminishing returns. Over half the female's eggs were fertilized in the first ten minutes of copulation, and this percentage decreased considerably during successive ten-minute intervals. Parker concluded that a male dismounts a female at the point when more eggs would be fertilized by seeking and mounting a fresh female. The male would thus be maximizing his reproductive success in the classical Darwinian fashion. Because Parker assumes that males aim to fertilize the greatest possible number of eggs, the success of his prediction is taken to support the theory of evolution by natural selection.

Kitcher points out that the twelve per cent difference between observed and predicted mating-bout-length opens the door for rival interpretations of the behaviour. There may have been selection against males who copulate for short or long periods of time; males who copulate longer may have less ability to resist newcomers or diminished capacities for fighting rivals to obtain mates in the future. Further, the number of eggs fertilized may not be proportional to the number of offspring who survive to maturity.

Bumping up the status quo

Geoffrey Cantor

ROGER COOTER
The Cultural Meaning of Popular Science:
Phrenology and the organization of consent in nineteenth-century Britain
418pp. Cambridge University Press. £25.
0 521 22743 7

Writing in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1826, Francis Jeffrey dismissed phrenology as "a very fantastical, and, in our humble judgment, most absurd hypothesis". Today many would doubtless concur with this thoroughly negative assessment. Yet in the nineteenth century, particularly its first half, phrenology attracted an extensive and diverse following. The popularity of the subject can be gauged by the market for cheap manuals, some of which sold by the hundred thousand, and by the crowds which flocked to the numerous country-wide lectures. Moreover, phrenology was energetically pursued by many medical practitioners, asylum superintendents, and members of the scientific community, while it also attracted the interest of such figures as Charlotte Brontë, G. H. Lewes, George Eliot and Charles Dickens. Although historians have generally avoided meddling with this "naughty subject", several scholars have recently accepted the challenge of restoring phrenology to its historical context.

Drawing on a vast range of primary sources, Roger Cooter paints a fascinating picture of the varied contexts in which phrenology was taught, preached, practised or despised, suggesting how phrenology functioned in each. For example, phrenological books, casts, lectures and consultations offered lucrative employment for some, while for others phrenology was a practical tool to aid the choice of a career or the selection of a servant. Many found that it offered an accessible and valid view of man and a means of understanding the self and the individual's interaction with society. Others responded — both positively and negatively — to phrenology in terms of its association with counter-cultural forces which were seeking to undermine the pretensions of the medical establishment and of the clergy.

Cooter is not content merely to identify the numerous social uses of phrenology, since he rightly insists on understanding its broader significance and function. He proposes three

Kitcher carefully re-analyses other search stories such as those of scrub jays, ants, and the nests of their parents, those of infants, and mating strategies of chimpanzees. Unsurprisingly, he finds sociobiological interpretations viewable as the best possible for each situation, and significant anomalies in the research and suggests rival interpretations for the latter. Kitcher lucidly argues that sociobiology has no superior explanatory power to "folk psychology". "Folk psychology" explains behaviour by saying that people act so as to maximize their chances of obtaining things which they perceive as valuable. Sociobiology, contrast, makes the assertion that all organisms act to maximize the number of copies of their genes in future generations. An analysis of folk psychology for these purposes is that it need have no commerce with biological errors of simple-minded Mendelism because it does not deal with events at the analysis below the whole organism.

A flaw in Kitcher's exposition of "psychology" lies in his claim that humans have "dispositions" or "propensities" in certain ways. This is no improvement on old concept of human nature which he revitalized by pop sociobiology. Sociobiology sees human nature to be the way in which humans are alike: the common causal which unites the species. If this ancient position were to be discarded, human nature could then be seen as pluralistic and upon context. As Darwin pointed out, when biologists acknowledge the gyrations in behaviour and seek to understand the evolution will they be close to an understanding of the evolution of life.

Interrelated phases. First, during the decades of the century, phrenology was controversial since it was perceived in its colours as a thoroughly materialistic, atheistic doctrine which opposed the moral and philosophical orthodoxy. Those who doctors and scientists who rushed to its aid were in some sense alienated from the centre of power and were determined to use the science to challenge authority and to mark their own mark on society. The second phase concerns the subversion of racial drive into political impotence. Combe's *Of the Constitution of Man and Relation to External Objects* (1828) marks a new course, phrenology emerging as a popular and relatively uncontroversial science, which legitimated to the middle and upper classes the hierarchical structure of society, arguments of natural theology, and the progress produced by industrialization. The third chapter of Cooter's book, entitled "Phrenology and Methodism", explores this ameliorative tradition in terms of the mystification and consciousness produced by phrenology to be both scientific and naturalistic.

Finally, a more clear-sighted view is achieved by political radicals who found ambivalence to the science; either repelling because it bolstered the status quo or because it in ways that brought together Combe and his followers. Cooter concentrates on the flights of fancy in Richard Carlisle's later works and on the tense relationship between Combe and Robert Owen. While much of the material presented in these and other case studies succeeds in substantiating parts of Cooter's argument, his polemical claim is more challenging and controversial. In his view phrenology was ultimately responsible for fostering the working class's conception of man as a bourgeois scientific theory and thereby tightening the corset on working people's ability to rebel, to determine their own history, and to resist. Yet, paradoxically, the strength of the book lies in Cooter's delineation of the many different and contradictory realities that phrenology helped to create in the nineteenth century.

Despite Cooter's historiographical preoccupation and his proclamations against the alternative methods of studying phrenology, even the reader with a moderately informed knowledge of the history of the bourgeoisie's Organ of Benevolence will be much of value in this book.

New-found freedoms

John Gledson

JOAQUIM MARIA MACHADO de ASSIS
The Devil's Church and Other Stories
Edited and translated by Jack Schmitt and Lorie Ishimatsu
195pp. Manchester: Carcanet. £8.95.
0 85635 574 7

Translated by Helen Caldwell
197pp. University of California Press. £11.50.
0 520 04812 1
Epitaph of a Small Winner
Translated by William Grossman
223pp. Hogarth Press. £3.95.
0 7012 1919 X

In Chapter Sixty-Eight of *Epitaph of a Small Winner*, now recently returned to print in Britain after a decade's absence, the narrator, Brás Cubas, is walking through the Valongo, the Rio de Janeiro slave-market. The date is in the 1840s; the novel was published some forty years later, when slavery was still the norm. Brás comes across a nasty sight: a black man mercilessly whipping another. Suddenly, he recognizes the one who is doing the whipping — Prudêncio, an ex-slave of his father's, now free, whom he, Brás, as a child had repeatedly used as a whipping-boy. He intervenes to stop the horror, but not surprisingly the scene leaves him with a few accounts to settle with his usually quite malleable conscience. In fact, once the "knife of reason" has been wielded, he feels comfortable. He concludes that Prudêncio has found a way of paying back, "in full and with interest, the amount he had received from me". After all, he is now free, and can do what he likes, Brás proclaims. This conclusion safely reached, he now tells us the sly story of a madman, one Romualdo, who thought he was Tamburlaine, and would explain that he had once been ill, and taken so much tartar that he had become king of the Tartars. Not such an amusing story as he had thought, Brás says, and moves to other subjects.

It is small episodes like this, which takes hardly a page, that stick in the mind when one reads Machado de Assis; when they are returned to, they yield up new material for amusement and enlightenment. The first explanation for Prudêncio's conduct might not seem all that comforting, since it hardly removes Brás from the story. But when one sees that the ideas of freedom and even of commercial credit and debt, precisely the things which have no place to the normal relation between master and slave, are introduced to at least make Prudêncio share the blame with Brás; and how only in the context of madness can Brás face the more direct link, by which those who get tartar are made tartars: then, one begins to see how subtle and unsettling this "novel" on the periphery of capitalism (as his best critic, Roberto Schwarz, calls him) can be.

Slavery, which Machado treats with a total lack of sentimentality worthy of the institution itself (but only paralleled in fiction, in my experience, by Gogol) tells us something of why he is so great, and so original. It was one of the things which forced him to be his own man; it surely was so in the case of Naturalism, which he hated. If we accept the universal, causal law of heredity, master and slave alike become like Romualdo, and have the same excuse. We underestimate him if, as critics persist in doing, we turn him into a tormented epileptic mutant, he may have been all these things, and certainly was the last two. But we read him for his extraordinary observation, intelligence and humour.

The three books under review here give very different insights into his work. One could say that they are for different levels of addiction to Machado. For those still unfamiliar with his work, *Epitaph* is the best place to begin. This novel, written, it seems, in a very short time, episode in a pseudo-Sternian manner, but also highly constructed and terse, with a sharply ironic, if overtly polite style, contains the essence of his genius. It is also, of all his works, the most accessible to non-Brazilians: he himself seems to have revelled in his new-found freedom to join the local and the universal, the trivial and the profound, so effective that it is impossible to tell where one begins and the other ends. It should be said that the translation is thirty years old, and is not ideal, it is

less inexact than it is over-helpful, putting in explanations (eg, in the Romualdo chapter) which are simply not there in the original — though it does not go to the extremes of one French translation which, I am told, inserted Chapter 130, entitled "To be inserted into Chapter 129", into the relevant chapter! And at least, as Salman Rushdie says on the back cover, Grossman's translation does read well.

Machado was a literary factotum — poet, dramatist, journalist, short story writer and novelist. Even so, he did not earn his living as a writer, but as a civil servant (though the social prestige that patently mattered a great deal to him came, paradoxically, from these least conventional of literary works). The selection of stories edited and well translated by Jack Schmitt and Lorie Ishimatsu deliberately includes many stories which have not appeared in English before. This means that such masterpieces as "The Mirror" or "The Secret Cause" are not here; but those that are not at all second-rate. There is plenty of choice — Machado wrote over 200 stories. Their pleasures are as varied and unexpected as those of the novels. As the general title, and those of some of the stories — "Adam and Eve", "Eternall", "Evolution" — suggest, some of Machado's interests were religious and philosophical. On both counts, he was radically sceptical; but, if scepticism is one of the dimensions of these stories, it is rarely the most important. The last-named story ostensibly has nothing to do with Darwin at all: it is simply about a vain man who adopts, and thinks he has invented, a title phrase about Brazil being "a child that is still crawling" — it will only begin to walk when it is crossed by railroads. But even such trivialities have their context, and Darwin — or Spencer, the authority actually mentioned by Machado — does have something to do with it. Most frequently of all, Machado loves to show how people's vision of their own importance allows them to exploit others. In "A Celebrity", for instance, one of the most chilling of all his stories, the composer-hero marries a woman with tuberculosis so that he can be appropriately upset by her death and write a Requiem instead of the humiliatingly popular polkas which flow unbidden from his pen.

Helena was published only four years before *Epitaph of a Small Winner*, but it inhabits a different moral universe from it or from most of the stories. Helen Caldwell, aware of the gap which separates us from the polite and sentimental tone of Machado's early novels, tries to hedge it in her Introduction by making us share the presuppositions of the novel's original readers, among them the notion that "Women are supposed to be modest, submissive and seductive; men, virile and magnanimous". Perhaps it is best to confess that *Helena*, while a fascinating novel in its way, is only for the true addict. English readers might compare it to *Mansfield Park*, which has something of its constrained, high moral tone intermixed with muted satire, and concerns a similar problem, the status of the family dependant. But it is good to have even this minor work available in English; at last, we are beginning to do justice to Machado.

LIZA CODY
Head Case
197pp. Collins. £7.50.
0 00 231445 2

Anna Lee, Liza Cody's inquiry agent, is asked to find Thea Hahn, an abnormally bright sixteen-year-old, who has disappeared from her home in London. Thea's not too difficult to find: she has been admitted to a Dorset hospital in a catatonic state. What causes Anna's problems is finding out how she came to be there. Liza Cody's first Anna Lee story, *Dupe*, deservedly won the award for the best first crime novel of the year. Its two successors, though good, didn't seem to be quite up to the same standard, but with *Head Case* she's snapped triumphantly into mid-season form. Anna is growing in stature with each novel; the supporting cast is brilliantly individualized; the plot is ingenious — though there's perhaps a slight hiccup at the end; and the whole, concerned as it is with the relationship between parents and children, has a serious intent, reminiscent of Ross Macdonald's later novels, though without his didactic heaviness.

T. J. Blyden

The Marcellus Version

With thanks to James Fenton

Pass me the water. Yes, I played Marcellus. You'd think I'd not at my age want to cut The wine, but life seems something now to cherish. Having survived its sotted years, and roles Even more dim and ill-paid than Marcellus. 'To be or not to be?' Eh? There's a the point. 'To die, to sleep, is that all?' There it goes. You get the answer simply by surviving. There's nothing after death, not even dreams. But life's worth living. Yes, despite the fact That we die far too early or too late; And rotten luck; and botched ambition.

It must be twenty years ago he came And asked me what I remembered of the play. Nick Lang or Ling his name; and then a dog Called Sims, black-fingered printer from the City, Took down my words. Odd a blood, the longest sessions Of enacting and Canary ever known! I'd been a quick study, quick also to forget. Whether the fellows knew this, who can tell? Or why they lit on me. There was a haste To be the first to sell it to the gulls And play it in the provinces. Quoth I: 'What part for me?' 'Marcellus. 'Goblin damned!' 'Also the doubling in the pantomime.' I took the ducats for my memory And let them toll to Preston with the play. I stayed in town. Worked, yes, but rested more.

Anon I met old Whatshisname in Southwark — Who'd played Corambia on that very tour — Complaining of a cropped and mangled script, Not knowing (what a hoot!) the text was mine, Nor thankful for a part so full of juice, And lodging in great houses with all found. He claimed the play had been new printed — twice The length of my dredged-up memories (the liar) — And with the ancient high Polonius, A part he well might never play again Since he was, as 'twere, forever Corambis. Seems Ling and Co had got the bard's foul papers (Lost at the time the villains came to me) And set the whole boiling. Proliferating fumes Of the sack-soaked lunatic poet in his study!

But all that was before the interim In which babes turned to heroinea. Myson (Dead Sussan's child) once played Marcellus, and The servant to Coram — Polonius, And now you've lugged along a new-born whale (Anyway, darling, broad-backed like a whale) — A folio of plays, and all (It seems) By Shakeshaft. How this would have astounded him, Who loved the book-trade rather less than I. And your inserted digit marks a place: 'To be or not to be, that is the question.' Aye. Well, I see. The poet makes his points. But note, the length is not much more than mine. In Preston or, indeed, the City they'd Have hissed the author's original traffic, yawned At the colting of his sub-plot.

Bloody cold,

He made it feel on the battlements; admitted. And, by-the-by, even in mid-career He didn't always get the ictus right. Give me the tome again. Look here, for instance: 'Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us.' Somehow you've got to stress the 'twice' and 'us' To bring the sense home; yet speak trippingly. What's left? The jug? No, no, the wine, the wine.

ROY FULLER

Ivor Gurney's 'Best poems'

Charles Tomlinson

"But oh, to hear the Sea Symphony again!", wrote Ivor Gurney to Marion Scott in 1915. He was in the army and awaiting the active service training that would take him to France and to being wounded and gassed. Only two years before, he had been present at the first London performance of Vaughan Williams's work. It is to Marion Scott herself that we owe the most vivid note on his presence there: "Coming through the vestibule at Queen's Hall, I found Gurney (who had been ill and had dragged himself there from Fulham), Herbert Howells and Arthur Benjamin almost speechless from the shock of joy the music had given them, and all trying to talk at once in their excitement." As Michael Hurd tells us in his biography of the poet, "This impression it left on Gurney was profound, and lasts for many years after the event echo the thrill they all felt."

The occasion of the Sea Symphony brought together two of Gurney's heroes – Vaughan Williams and Walt Whitman. Vaughan Williams's spacious and dramatic settings of Whitman's poems deal with texts that were to be increasingly important for Gurney. Except for Lawrence, it is hard to think of any other English poet who has known what to do with Whitman. Gurney – dangerously, one might have thought – identified himself with Whitman and earned his right to do so not only in his excellent "New England poems" but in masterpieces like "Felling a Tree". He wrote this last, having emerged from the war, in 1922 when his days of freedom were already numbered.

During his asylum years, evidently round about 1925, Gurney compiled a forgotten selection entitled "Best poems", the manuscript of which has only recently come to light in a Gloucestershire sale room where it was bought by a local bookseller, Richard Valentine, of Nailsworth. A little detective work revealed that it had been given by Mrs Ronald Gurney, the poet's sister-in-law, to Mr G. Matravers who released it for sale in December, 1984. This is the same Matravers to whom P. J. Kavanagh acknowledges a debt for putting him on to the scent of a box of manuscripts (then in the possession of Mrs Ronald Gurney) which facilitated his edition of the poems. Matravers seems not to have mentioned to Kavanagh the existence of "Best poems". It contains "Felling

a Tree" and many other Whitmanian pieces. One of these, "Of the Sea", has never appeared in selections of Gurney and is a remarkable celebration of that poet who helped give him a standard beyond the constrictions of English Georgianism:

Cornwall surges round Zenor like the true delight
Of earth all savage with a force coming to man –
Bude streams a long roller of curled gathering foam.
But nothing more than Masefield I have come truly
To know, Great Ocean with huge strength unaimed
Or ally,

Or Marryat's sea affairs so local and snug of the
foes!
Mightiness of the wide Atlantic hiding its strength,
Or tempted Long Island or Massachusetts land
Bretagne, and Baltic, the Californian long sand
length;

The dark October towering of South Dorset
"Dynasts" has shown to me, these are not to forget –

Seen of my deep mind reading the northeast blind
Dawn through. But of all things most of the sea to me –

There is Longney Reach to Priding beating
victoriously
In a great June exultation of half-tide Severn.
And Trafalgar ships moving like painted things
Over a painted sea – and Walt Whitman's true

slight, haunted sea.

"The perfume, the faint creaking of the cordage –
melancholy
Rhythm –" And this is ocean's poem to compel
Poetry in the heart of a boy late night working;
Men giving life of the huge unseen mid Atlantic
swell.

Ezra Pound's advice to young poets to cut out the superfluous words would clearly have been lost on Gurney in certain moods. Succinctness is not foreign to him, as is shown by those exemplary, sculpted "classical" pieces he produced in a final astonishing burst of clarity and sanity in 1926. But the conditions of Gurney's life seem often to have precluded his achieving a finished and fully rounded poem with not one word too much, such as other writers would have aimed at. A besetting superfluity, worsened by his mental illness, engendered not only garrulous poems of self-justification, but repeated versions of many of the poems. A number of these show up in "Best poems" and an awareness of their existence adds considerably to one's respect for P. J. Kavanagh and the choices he made in editing the current *Collected Poems*. "Best poems" contains some thirty powerful but uneven pieces not in Kavanagh's edition.

One of the surprising things about Gurney's attachment to Whitman was that it did not lead to mere superfluity. The blind-up, almost laborious effects of "Felling a Tree" serve the theme of the poem itself. "Of the Sea", though shorter, achieves a comparable massive simplicity of utterance in a style which characterizes another poem in Kavanagh's collection, "Portraits", which Donald Davin has justly referred to as "perhaps the finest reflection on American history by an Englishman". These Whitmanesque yet unmistakably Gurney poems take him beyond Gloucestershire and the Severn meadows and also beyond the trenches. He is neither just a son of Gloucester nor just a war poet, though he was proud of being both, as the title page of "Best poems" shows. It reads: "Best poems of Ivor Gurney, of City of Gloucester, of Embankment, of Aldgate, City of Bristol, Tewkesbury, Others". The signature that concludes this list is followed by Gurney's touching claims to fame: "Carnegie Award, 1922-24. London Mercury, 1922-3-4. 2/5 Gloucesters, 1915-1918. First war poet (He does truly believe)."

Variant readings, but chiefly innumerable variants of punctuation, are to be found in "Best poems". I shall give just one or two divergences between Kavanagh's text and Gurney's own handwritten selection. In "The Lightning Storm", an eight-line poem in two stanzas for which there was previously no MS, the printed text of the second stanza reads:

But what shall I do, or say – whose wrongs cry to
Heaven?

My right a Europe's right, my wrongs of Europe's
anger.

But though for a whim of conquest a nation makes
shout and clangour,

For an honour of God – that's mine – none breaks
voice, silence ever.

I had always been puzzled that Gurney's final line did not rhyme with "Heaven", since this is the pattern he sets up in his opening stanza. "Best poems" gives "even" for "ever" and puts that right. Gurney also opts for "make" and not "makes" in line three, which adds a degree of verbal stiffening and aural tautness.

"Song", beginning "Past my window", of which there was again no manuscript to go by, but only the version in Blunden and in Leonard Clark's later edition, opens in these texts, with a mysteriously truncated first line, "Past my window dawn and / Through the open shutters

thrown . . .". One might take this for a pressive use of line ending, though the rhythm of rhyme there seems odd in this rhymed poem. What Gurney in fact wrote was "Past my window dawn and dawn".

"The Poets of my County" ends, in its versions, a trifle lonely with:

But I praised Gloucester city as never before –

By Tilley keeping spirit in soul with the
Cooper's comes over from eastward, sees the
the

"Cooper's" is Cooper's Hill. Whoever wrote the poem Kavanagh based this text on – typed it presumably years ago from the poems – failed to see that its two concluding lines are crammed in at the bottom of the preceding page. They read:

But none have helped me. Deep to Hell
let being at
and God not helped at

Pain no word can say of me. Hell has taken
and God not helped at

A previous editor's note in the Gurney archive at Gloucester reads: "I have removed selection the following: – I saw French once
Tan-faced Prairies Boy, The Lightning Storm,
The Silent One, Song (Past my window),
Books." We now have manuscript copies of these "removed" texts in "Best poems".

Ronald Gurney, the poet's brother, wrote Joy Finzi in 1959 to say that he had deposited "Most of the poems at Gloucester Library" probably did not realize how tantalizing the word "most" would prove to be. Then, continuing, Mrs Ronald Gurney passed a box of manuscripts to P. J. Kavanagh in the making possible his indispensable edition. But even now Kavanagh was compelled to say that for many of the poems no manuscript existed and that for all others, printed in Edmund Blunden in his 1954 selection, was neither manuscript nor typescript in the Gurney Archive. Had "Best poems" been available earlier, none of this would have been true. Ironically enough, this manuscript in marbled boards, containing sixty-five poems in Gurney's hand, was once available to the source of some of the typescripts. It is a volume which is spoken of as being in "marbled boards" in TS 21 of the Gurney Archive. Doubtless other Gurney items will yet be found and there will be further editions of his poems. "Best poems" is a thrilling find, and hopes that it will be kept in this country.

here by Scamus Henney, especially "The Vialon", which will repay a great deal of reading. There are other good things from Adcock, Iain Crichton Smith, David Constantine and Anne Stevenson, the last reminding me of a widely current tendency for writers to use a haughty as a scaffolding for some strongly personal materials. Although Elopola Shuttle offers a hauntingly symbolic female and Carol Rumens is good on the female poets are in rather short supply – more than they usually are in *Poetry Australia*. Some people prefer to define anthologies by their exclusions. Let me add, then, that "Newing Dialects" does not include anything by Hughes, Penson, Muldoon, McCough, or Beir or Sorley Maclean.

There are no poems here written in what we would ordinarily think of as dialect – Matt Simpson's voice coming closest – but several poems display odd nuggets of it. Incidentally, Raina's one poem sits oddly tight between those two cornucopian phrasemakers, Peter Porter and Peter Redgrove.

Forty poets are represented here, most of them with one or two poems. Redgrove has the most, with four. Much of the poetry is typical enough of *Poetry Australia*'s house style, as I have loosely characterized it above. The contents are also harmonious with those of the Motion and Morrison Penguin Book of Contemporary British Poetry, despite the presence of Silk, Wain and Davie.

There are three particularly strong poems

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AUTHOR, AUTHOR

Competition No 255
Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this office not later than January 24. A prize of £20 is offered for the first correct set of answers opened on that date, or failing that the most nearly correct – in which case inspired guesswork will also be taken into consideration.

Entries, marked "Author, Author 255" on the envelope, should be addressed to the Editor, *The Times Literary Supplement*, Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX. This solution and results will appear on January 31.

1 First you shall see the thin men in order set,
Stares and their Pawns, whom both the sides are met,
The Hooves well distinguished; in the game
Some men entranced and taken, to their shame
Rewarded by their play, and in the close
You shall see check-mate given to virtue's foe.

2 Within our armies differ they move and feel the sun,
The victor is a cypher once the war is won.
Choose your gambit, vary the tactics of your game,

Competition No 255
Puzzle: W. A. Kye
Answers:
1 The wanton eddies of her face
Were taught less coolness, and smoother grace
And in a slow, and channel years,
Whispering the banks their eloquent
Henry Vaughan, "To Annet" (from *Complete Poems*, 1900, p. 100).

2 Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my will,
Yet slower yet, O faintly gentle spring;
Ben Jonson, *Song from Cynthia's Revels*.

3 And for sweet flowers to grow thy heart
Receiveth a new of weeping verse
From thy griev'd friend, whom thou might'st have
Quitted melted into tears for these.
Henry King, "The Ebony".

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Letters

'Shall I Die?'

Sir, – Without taking sides in the debate on the authorship of "Shall I die?" may I attempt to remove a few red herrings from the Taylor-Robbins discussion (December 20)?

The sole evidence for the attribution to Shakespeare is the manuscript itself. It may help to establish some facts about it.

1) MS Rawl poet 160 is a folio volume of 230 leaves containing on the first 206 leaves just under 160 poems, written (with some variations of style) in a single professional hand. Some forty-five of the poems are ascribed. With one exception, the ascriptions to such poets as Donne, Jonson, Herrick, Carew, William Browne, Beaumont, Fletcher, King, Randolph, Wotton and George Herbert ("G.H.") are unquestionable. That leaves about a dozen other attributions (to William Austen, William Hodgson, John Rayment, "E.M.", Sir George Radney, the Countess of Hertford, Dr Brooks and others) which are not so easily verifiable: they may or may not be correctly ascribed.

2) "Sir Walter Raleigh's Pilgrimage" on fo 57 has, of course, long been rejected from the Raleigh canon. Similarly, "Sir Walter Raleigh to Queen Elizabeth" on fo 117 comprises a poem which may or may not have been written by Raleigh prefixed to a set of verses almost certainly written by Sir Robert Ayton, though the scribe gives no indication of this. One of the ascriptions to Donne ("J.D.") elsewhere in the MS, on fo 103, is likewise suspect: I know of no text of "Disdain me still that I may ever love" ascribed to Donne in any other source, printed or manuscript. Finally, as in so many other sources, the ascription to Sir Simeon Steward of "King Oberon's Apparition" on fo 169 is extremely doubtful: the poem is almost certainly by Robert Herrick, the association with Steward quite possibly arising for no other reason than that he was responsible at some time for copying or circulating the poem. Thus the scribe in the Rawlinson MS, who, it may be presumed, was simply repeating attributions current elsewhere in his day, is not entirely reliable.

3) The manuscript unquestionably dates from the 1630s and cannot have been compiled as late as Dr Robbins suggests. Most of the contents compare with those of scores of other 1630s miscellanies (extensive details of which I have been compiling for the past twelve years); the texts are almost invariably derived from manuscript, not printed, sources; and there is no evidence that any of the poems was written later than 1633 (the date of a poem on fo 55). Certainly it has none of the features one would expect to find in miscellanies of the Civil War period onwards (when the fashion for such anthologies was in decline in any case). By the same token, with the possible though dubious exception of the two poems ascribed to Raleigh (whose supposed poems only became widely circulated after his execution in 1618), I see no evidence that any poems in the Rawlinson MS were composed earlier than the 1630s. Indeed most of the poems belong to the period 1615-33.

4) There is no clear evidence of provenance but for the name "Edward Michell" written inside the lower cover in a later, possibly eighteenth-century, hand. The manuscript contains work by both Cambridge poets (Herrick, Herbert, Randolph) and Oxford poets (Corbett, Strode, Earle, King, Lewis, Browne), as well as many poems by poets whose work was widely circulated at both the universities and in London (particularly Inns of Court) circles (Jonson, Donne, Beaumont, Carew *et al.*).

5) Having said all this, I would repudiate Robbins's curiously old-fashioned wholesale dismissal of the textual value of manuscript sources such as this (I have questioned elsewhere, for instance, the Gardner-Milgate school of thought on Donne which Robbins takes for granted: see my *Index of English Literary Manuscripts*, Vol 1, part 1, 1980, pp 248-9). It is perfectly true that many attributions in 1630s miscellanies are unreliable or plain wrong (I have in front of me, for instance, a well-known poem by Herrick which is ascribed in one MS to Philip Massinger, an ascription which I am totally unable to explain). Nevertheless, there is a sliding scale of reliability in such matters. At one end of the scale are, for instance, Donne and Jonson

whose names were assigned to a multitude of verses which people evidently thought were written in their manner: such ascriptions have little value. At the other end of the scale is Shakespeare. It is only on very rare occasions that Shakespeare's name occurs in seventeenth-century miscellanies and when it does (in connection with certain of the sonnets, for instance) the ascription is almost always correct. I know of a single instance where a well-known poem by William Strode is ascribed (probably in the 1640s) to William Shakespeare, obviously because of a mistaken assumption about the initials "W.S.". Otherwise there are perhaps fewer than half a dozen instances where Shakespeare's name is appended to poems such as the one under discussion, and in none of those instances is the ascription demonstrably wrong.

6) Names become associated with poems in these miscellanies for a variety of reasons besides simple authorship. A man's name might become linked with a poem in the course of manuscript transmission because he was the copyist, or because it was written by someone in his circle, or because he added his own stanzas to it, or wrote a reply to it, or set it to music, and so on. There is usually a reason for the association – scribes were not wont to pluck names out of the air at random, least of all Shakespeare's.

7) Perhaps I might conclude by suggesting, albeit tentatively, one possible explanation for the poem under discussion. Despite its length of nine stanzas, "Shall I die?" reads to me very much like a song lyric. Might such a song (using perhaps only three or four of the stanzas) have been introduced in some early-seventeenth-century stage performances of one of Shakespeare's plays, as appears to have been common enough practice in the theatres? This would account for its association with Shakespeare whether he were actually the author or not. It is generally accepted that some of the songs in Shakespeare's plays were written by him (Middleton's contribution to *Macbeth*, for instance). We also have the instance of "Take o take those lips away" where a song which appears in one play (*Measure for Measure*) was also used and expanded in someone else's play (Fletcher's *The Bloody Brother*). Confusion of authorship, so widespread in the seventeenth century, is perhaps nowhere more so than in the theatre.

PETER BEAL

14 Minister Towns, 14 Minister Road, London NW2.

Alfred Gilbert

Sir, – Richard Dornant is in my opinion mistaken in his view (Letters, December 20) that Sir Frank Dicksee's communication to Marion Spielmann in 1926 was about an ethical matter. The matter raised was not concerned with Gilbert's legitimate right to sell replicas of tomb figures, but about the belief held by certain Royal Academicians that he had fraudulently removed and subsequently sold certain figures which by right belonged to the King. Although Spielmann was completely satisfied with Gilbert's explanation (Royal Academy of Arts, SP/8/19) and Lady Helena Gleichen declared "dishonesty was not in him" (*Contexts and Contrasts*, London, 1940, p.319), the matter was revived in 1968 by Bevis Hillier, who came out with a new suggestion of fraud, as I have previously explained (Letters, November 22).

CECIL GILBERT

5 The Grove, Forest Hall, Newcastle upon Tyne.

On Active Service

Sir, – Keith Jeffery, reviewing new studies of Kluge and French (December 13), writes that Kluge, drowned in the cruiser Harp, while on his way to Russia in 1916, was "perhaps the only British field marshal ever to have died on active service".

There was also Lord Raglan, who died of dysentery in 1855 as commander in Chief in the Crimea; and Lord Roberts, who died of pneumonia while inspecting Indian troops on the Western Front in November 1914.

KENNETH ROSE

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'Galileo and His Sources'

Sir, – I was distressed to read, in the November 22 issue of the *TLS*, A. C. Crombie's vilification of me under the pretext of reviewing my recent book, *Galileo and His Sources* (Princeton, 1984). His attack on me is not new: it repeats charges made in his essay of 1975, in an oral presentation at Florence in 1983 (at which I was present, and which I answered from the floor), and in its publication later that year, jointly written with Adriano Carugo, but unchanged despite my reply. Our respective contributions to the task of uncovering Galileo's sources have been the subject of correspondence between us since 1971. I have repeatedly acknowledged whatever debt I owe to Crombie and Carugo in my many publications, but have not demeaned myself by replying to attacks such as these in print. Our differences over priority of discovery are well known to historians of science, and I have been content to confine our controversy within that area of scholarship. Now that Crombie has seen fit to extend his attack to the entire world of letters, however, I feel obliged to set the record straight. Hence my reply.

To describe the situation briefly, I have been interested in the sources of Galileo's science since 1964, and in the intervening period have sought collaboration on the subject from a wide range of scholars. My initial letter to Crombie in 1971 and my visit to him at Oxford (and to Carugo at Milan) in 1972 were part of that initiative. Our first contacts, as it turned out, were amicable: Crombie seemed interested in collaborating, as witnessed by his willingness to exchange materials with me prior to their publication; at the same time he seemed intent on keeping the Collegio Romano preserve for himself, as suggested by a remark he made to me at Oxford (later repeated in a letter) to the effect that I should cut bait and count my losses. What he meant by that dawned on me only gradually: materials he had "allowed" me to see were for my "private use" only, that is, they were to preclude my publishing anything further on the Roman Jesuits. I have wondered, moreover, why Crombie has repeatedly tried to describe to his readers the state of my knowledge – entering into my mind, as it were, to discern there what I knew and what I did not know about the Galileo manuscripts at specific times. His latent in this presumptuous if not arrogant undertaking has now become quite obvious, namely, to disqualify me as a scholar on the basis that I plagiarized the results of another's research. This is simply not true, as both the record and those who are cognizant of my work can well attest. But it now seems incumbent on me to disclose what I have known at various periods relating to Galileo's sources.

My entry into this field of scholarship came via my interest in a Spanish Dominican, Domingo de Soto, who is important on two counts: he anticipated Galileo's concept of uniform acceleration in free fall by some eighty years; and he taught Francisco Toledo ("his favourite disciple"), who later became a Jesuit and a philosophy professor at the Collegio Romano. Long before contacting Crombie I had obtained microfilm of Toledo's textbooks (including the 1597 edition of his *Logica* with Carbone's *Addimenta*) and by 1967 I had finished a translation of Galileo's MS 46 (the so-called *Juvenilia*), though I did not publish it until ten years later. In this manuscript Galileo mentions Soto, and he also explicitly cites Clavius and Pereira. Oddly enough, he does not mention Toledo, but in my study of the MS I detected elements of Toledo's teaching in it, and in fact stated erroneously, in a paper read at Toronto in 1967 and later published in 1969, that Galileo also cited Toledo in that work. In my mind, therefore, there was some dependence of Galileo on these Jesuits; which I had detected long before the discoveries of Crombie and Carugo. I do not mean to minimize their discoveries, by the way, for they served to delimit the area that required further research, since Galileo had also cited other authors. But from my point of view their findings were not all that new: they merely confirmed a line of investigation I had been pursuing for some time.

Subsequent study under an NSF grant, which I had obtained prior to my knowledge of Crombie's and Carugo's work, enabled me to ascertain that possible "borrowings" from Clavius, Pereira and Toledo could account for not more than 15 per cent of the contents of MS 46. At that time I had looked only briefly at the logical treatises in MS 27, which I had thought to transcribe but did not when I learned that Carugo was already at work on the transcription. Through Crombie's good graces I obtained a copy of Carugo's transcription in 1972. Later that year, as soon as I had returned to the United States, I compared the contents of the newly transcribed MS 27 with Carbone's *Addimenta* and marked parallel passages that seemed to suggest copying. Then, warned in the mail by Crombie that I set was not authorized to use these materials, I sent MS 27 aside and continued to look for additional sources of the notes in MS 46. I quickly discovered these in manuscript copies (or *reportationes*) of lectures given at the Collegio Romano. At this point my view of the situation began to diverge markedly from Crombie's. I was not convinced, as he was, that Galileo had personally used the printed works of Clavius, Pereira and Toledo in writing out MS 46; rather I suspected, from a detailed study of Galileo's autograph, that the entire manuscript was based on some or other handwritten version of lectures given at the Collegio Romano, which – and this I have always freely admitted – could have been based in turn on printed sources. That essentially was the thesis I presented, in opposition to Crombie, in my *Galileo's Early Notebooks* of 1977 and my *Prelude to Galileo* of 1981.

To return, then, to Galileo's logical treatises, on June 16, 1975, I happened to run into Carugo at the Ambrosiana Library in Milan and asked him then if he knew of Carbone's *Addimenta* to Toledo's *Logica*. He told me that he had recently discovered this likely source of MS 27 (in April 1975, by Crombie's account in the *TLS*), which he said had not been published until 1604. I informed Carugo that there was in fact an earlier edition of that work, one printed in 1597. Indeed, the very next day I gave him my photocopy of the 1597 text, which fortunately I had with me and on which I had marked parallels with Galileo's notes in MS 27. I also alerted Carugo to Valla's *Logica* of 1622, which I had meanwhile examined in Rome, and warned him of the possibility of earlier manuscript sources of MS 27. This was significant, for earlier sources would not require a wholesale revision in the chronology of Galileo's writings, as would be necessitated if one were to maintain that MS 27 was not written until 1597 or after. Let me note, in passing, that I am well aware of alternative spellings of Valla's name, and in fact have referred throughout *Galileo and His Sources* to Jesuits (Valla included) as they are listed in the *regulus* of professors at the Collegio Romano or in Latin manuscripts of their writings (*Sources*, p. 8, n. 14). Not being sure of the communications between Carugo and Crombie, I then took pains to inform Crombie of these developments upon my return to the United States.

This should disclose the true situation with regard to Crombie's charge that I had appropriated Carugo's findings with respect to Carbone. A further problem remained, however, in that I had only Carugo's transcription of MS 27 with which to work. Though I am well capable of deciphering Galileo's hand and could have given my own transcription of the relevant texts, I was effectively being held back by Crombie, on the basis that I would be publishing materials given me by Carugo. Here fortune smiled on me, for I learned quite by accident that Professor William F. Edwards of Emory University in Atlanta had earlier, and independently of Carugo, transcribed MS 27. Upon being informed of my situation, he quickly made his text available to me. Thus I was able to set Carugo's text aside completely and to work seriously, in collaboration with Edwards, at identifying possible manuscript sources of the logical treatises. In May of 1980, while working with Professor Jean Dietz Moss at West Virginia University, I translated the prefaces to the two volumes of Valla's *Logica* and learned of his charges against Carbone.

Continued on page 23

COMMENTARY

Fellow travelling

Peter Kemp

Monsignor Quixote
Thames TV

George Orwell once described Graham Greene as a Catholic fellow-traveller. *Monsignor Quixote* gives a literal twist to this notion. Setting a priest who represents Christianity at its most human and a Mayor who represents Marxism at its most humane journeying sociably together around Spain, it demonstrates the rapport between Greene's religious and social views. Essentially a conversation-piece, the book is filled with debate about the relative merits of the two creeds, their sometimes surprising resemblances, and the way both have often been converted into tyranny by authoritarianism.

Thames's film version gives generous scope to the book's engaged and engaging talk, reinforcing its interest by solidly and subtly characterized performances from Alec Guinness as the meekly errant priest holding on to Christ-inn standards, and Leo McKern as the barrel-bellied old political campaigner, Sancho, who accompanies him. Against a beautifully filmed background of sun-blenched villages and tree-dotted plains, Christopher Neame's astute adaptation ensures that Greene's overriding

preoccupations unroll naturally as his protagonists progress along the open road.

The book's idyllic interludes of *fresco* eating and drinking are savoured. But as Neame registers, setting three of his scenes in libraries, the novel is as bookish as bucolic. One of the many dichotomies running through Greene's career has been his ability to encompass both wide reading and wide ranging. A globe-trotting bookworm, he fills his fiction with classics pored over in unlikely locales – Baudelaire perused in Papa Doc's Haiti, Dickens in General Stroessner's Paraguay. Literary analogues also hover in Greene's works. *Monsignor Quixote*, as its title tells you, is pervasively haunted by them. As Neame's script allows to materialize with just the right degree of visibility, the spirit of Cervantes is ubiquitous. Jogging along in a rickety old car nicknamed Rociante, Monsignor Quixote and Sancho – both romantic misfits who model their conduct on "those old books of chivalry" – the Gospels and *The Communist Manifesto* respectively – encounter contemporary versions of Don Quixote's adventures.

It isn't only modern-day equivalents of Cervantes's literary landmarks – flailing Guardia Civil seen as windmills, for instance – that the characters' peregrinations take them past, however. Often, this most recent of Greene's

novels follows a nostalgic route on which his own long-established themes and motifs loom out – usually in a more mellow light than hitherto. Stock-properties of his fiction – brothels, prosbyteries, lavatories – are all called in on. Restlessness, person and ideological, is as prominent as in his other books. Once again, he employs a highly mobile plot, enabling him to concentrate on his favourite character-type, the wounded individual, and to send his sharp traveller's eye into a country's remoter recesses. Particularly pointed treatment is given in the film to the novel's weirdest detour – into a village, populated with prosperous returned emigrants, where the Virgin's favours are annually auctioned and her bankrupt-plastered statue toted through the streets by highest-bidders convinced that they've subsidized their salvation.

Ecclesiastics of differing cut congregate thickly in this work, as in some of Greene's previous novels. Ian Richardson contributes a sloop, amiable Italian prelate; Graham Crowden, a benighted bishop. Valentine Pelka exudes a splendidly repellent blend of greasiness and starchiness as a young priest oiling his way into official favour. Another cleric – Father Heriberto Jones, the German whose book on moral theology Monsignor Quixote dips into

from time to time – is more or less scorned of this adaptation. This is a pity since the extracts from his work – solemn pontifications about how gluttony can only be a venial sin "even if vomiting is produced" or how *biinterruptus* is permissible if brought about by the presence of "an unforeseen third person" – don't only provide brisk comedy, but underline Greene's belief in the dangers of dogmatism.

In his work, the closer characters come to assurance, the more morally dubious they tend to be. The inhuman crudity of unquestioning obedience to a cause is epitomized in *Monsignor Quixote* by that megalomaniac mausoleum, Franco's Valley of the Fallen. At the opposite extreme to this concrete swag is the work's climactic moment – performed hero with eerie poignancy – when the delirious Monsignor gives Communion to Sancho with non-existent wafer, reverently placing "the wafer on his tongue". The ambiguity shadowing this scene – also an act of communion in the more usual sense between the two men – is crucial to Greene. Doubt is the value he has always been most faithful to – largely, as this perceptive adaptation of *Monsignor Quixote* emphasizes, because it goads people away from the cold generalities of dogma and towards the testing, problematic complexities of the human.

Changing tack on the timeless way

Reyner Banham

CHRISTOPHER ALEXANDER with HOWARD DAVIS, JULIO MARINEZ, RON CORNER
The Production of Houses
383pp. Oxford University Press. £25.
0195032233
STEPHEN GRABOW
Christopher Alexander: The search for a new paradigm in architecture
332pp. New York: Oriel Press. \$30.
0853621993

In the long pause in architectural theorizing between the collapse of the older functionalist consensus in the early 1960s and the emergence of the motley cluster of stylistic preferences that now answers to the name of post-modernism, Christopher Alexander has enjoyed a special reputation, verging on adulation at times, as a radical thinker on the nature of architectural design. Austrian-born, Cambridge-educated, and not originally convinced that he wished to become an architect, he has been an established luminary at Berkeley for two decades and whether his ideas have been right or wrong they have always commanded respect – chiefly because recently, they have been almost the only ideas about architecture of any intellectual quality available there or elsewhere.

With *The Production of Houses*, an account of the construction of a small "self-build" housing complex in Mexico, Alexander reaches (belatedly and out of sequence) the fourth volume of his projected series on "The Timeless Way of Building" – a series that, taken together with earlier writings as far back as *Notes on the Synthesis of Form* of 1963, is seen by Alexander himself, his publishers, and his commentators like Stephen Grabow, as providing "a complete working alternative to our present ideas about architecture, building and planning – an alternative which will, we hope, gradually replace current ideas and practices". This working alternative is elevated by both Alexander and Grabow to the status of "a new paradigm in architecture", and since it is clear that they both got the idea of a new paradigm from Thomas Kuhn's *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions* we are presumably to understand that what Alexander is offering is somehow the equivalent of the "Copernican Revolution" in astronomy.

Even given that academic architectural discourse is as prone to hyperbole and bluster as any other form of self-promotion, this is still a very large claim indeed. What substance lies behind it? In terms of completed buildings, Alexander has only a modest output to show, and with nearly all of it he has at one time or another expressed disappointment. Thus, of the Mexican project, he has said (to Grabow's tape recorder) that it was

still a bit more funky than I would have liked. That is, there are just a few little things that are built down there that truly have that sort of limpid beauty of things that have been around for ages and that, actually, are dead right. . . . Generally speaking the project is very delightful – different of course from what is generally being built, not just in the way of low cost housing – but it doesn't quite come to the place where I believe it must.

Again, in the penultimate chapter of *The Production of Houses* he says of Mexico: "And there were failures, too, from our own point of view. The houses, for example, are very nice, and we are very happy that they so beautifully reflect the needs of the different families. But they are still far from the limpid simplicity of traditional houses, which was our aim. The roof is a little awkward, for example. And the plans, too, have limits. The houses are very nice internally, but they do not form outdoor space which is as pleasant, or as simple, or as profound as we can imagine it."

This self-deprecation is worth quoting, not to emphasize any alleged failure at Mexico (which in many ways is a striking success), but to bring out two other points: the sense of some hidden agenda over and above the provision of better housing for urban Mexicans, and the amazingly sloppy writing (Grabow is too earnest a believer to misquote his Master) which is itself enough to suggest how far Alexander is from being one of the giant brains of our time – a major philosopher, or "the Wittgenstein of architecture", as I have heard an admirer call him. *Notes on the Synthesis of Form*, though, was one of the most effective exercises in

rational thinking about design to appear since the Second World War. But today Alexander seems less a philosopher than a troubled conscience; a man with a deep emotional commitment to the art, an almost visceral response to buildings, who can no longer quite get his problems into manageable terminology.

The core of his concerns is that hidden agenda, the care for beauty, even "limpid beauty", which pervades practically the whole of the "Timeless Way" sequence. It is something that puts him out of consonance with most recent systematic discourse about architecture, but it can hardly be said to constitute an element of any new paradigm, since "beauty" has been a component of most architectural theory from Vitruvius to Alberti – "So much for technology", said Walter Gropius in 1937, "now what about beauty?"

Something else that makes one wonder about the supposed novelty of Alexander's "new paradigm" is suggested by the illustrations that he has provided for Grabow's biographical study. They are a haphazard collection of personal and family snapshots, building-progress records, drawings for projects, arranged in a non-chronological order of Alexander's own

understood by the more alert members of the "sub-culture of architecture". This is another reason for suspecting that Alexander may not be so much the Copernicus of architecture, as the kind of talent that is half a pace ahead of evolutionary, rather than revolutionary, developments. In architecture, such talents have a peculiar virtue in that they seem to be able to come very close to identifying or suggesting concepts that lie at the centre of the continuing traditions of the art.

Typically, in 1963 the argument of *Notes on the Synthesis of Form* was close enough to the formulas then employed for discussing the processes of architectural creation for its relevance to be immediately perceived. The only important difference between the sophisticated model offered by Alexander and the received or "Establishment" linear model of architectural creativity – Problem-Analysis-Synthesis-Solution – is that Alexander divided the problem into a branching "tree" of ever smaller sub-problems for separate solution, and the solutions could then be recombined via a reversed tree that finally brought them all together in one unified solution.

This was elegant, logical, and could be com-



One of twenty-three illustrated stages in the step-by-step building operations for the construction of houses in the Mexican project given in *The Production of Houses* (reviewed on this page). The picture shows the roof baskets which are made by soaking the strips in water and then weaving them in "a diamond lattice".

devising, with a caveat to Grabow that this order was not to be changed.

We untrustworthy readers, however, are thereby challenged to restore the historical order of these images, thence to discover how well the architecture synchronizes with most of the avant-garde fancies and aspirations of his period. For example, the only thing that is exceptional about the café that he designed for the Linz exhibition in 1980 is its location in his native Austria rather than his adoptive California, where it would have passed almost unnoticed, like the Stuart Card house in Silicon Valley of the following year. Or the project for an apartment house in Sapporo, Japan, in 1982, which, with its jokey Venetian window in a crew-stepped gable, would have looked a shade old-fashioned, even by the feverish standards of Japanese Post-Modernism.

I mention these facts not to denigrate, but to elucidate an important element in Alexander's manifest public acceptance as a guru: the brilliance, or extraordinary luck, of his timing. *Notes on the Synthesis of Form* appeared just as the movement for rational methodologies in design was getting under way. No sooner were the first rational doubts about "Design Method" uttered, however, than there was Alexander with an apparent retraction of his methods in *A City is Not a Tree*. And now *The Production of Houses* appears out of sequence, but in 1985, the year in which public attention has been drawn to "self-build", and its leading British proponent, the redoubtable Rod Hackney, has emerged as the favourite architect of the Prince of Wales.

Coincidences, perhaps, but without coincidences like these, even the brightest talents may languish unknown. Alexander's paradigms, whatever their claimed novelty, have never been too far ahead of the times to be

puterized, and was exactly what the world of architecture wanted to know about at the time. But by 1965 it had already begun to look suspiciously simplistic in spite of its branching complexity; surely the difficult art of architecture couldn't really be as elementary and mechanistic as all that? Most establishment models of the design process recognized that the passage from Analysis to Synthesis was neither automatic nor very scrutable, but required some kind of "intuitive leap". Notes, by decomposing the problem into so many smaller problems, had narrowed that "flash gap", requiring to be leapt, but it had not entirely disappeared. There was still a place for the mysterious activity called "architecture". Alexander, however, proposed that the decomposition tree was too crude to take account of many internal complexities in designing that architects recognized (or, perhaps, were determined to preserve). In *A City is Not a Tree*, the simple decomposition diagram was replaced by the more complex and internally interrelated "semi-lattice", in which, as the ecologist proverb had it, "Everything is connected to everything".

The complexity of the semi-lattice, however, made it potentially impossible to use in daily practice. Grabow's account of the Alexander team's work for the San Francisco underground train system, Bay Area Rapid Transit, on the design of the necessary stations, makes the difficulties clear: "With three hundred and ninety requirements, the number of sub-systems was immense [presumably something like 389]. And the computer program for decomposing the structure was gigantic. It became intuitively clear that it was quite impossible to imagine conducting such an effort to design a single building."

A team of engineers, faced with such a situation, would probably have asked for a larger

grant (this was in the palmy days of 1965), rented more on-line time, and computed their way out of the impasse. But Alexander and his architects "intuitively" decided not to do what they found "impossible to imagine". "There is a limit to the amount of reality that architects can handle", said the late Richard Llewellyn Davies of precisely this incident. Yet Alexander here pulled off a brilliant intellectual salvage operation. If such mathematical elaborations were unimaginable for the design of a single building, could they be economically applied to a number of buildings? Better still, could they be universalized to cover all buildings? Could the internal relationships of the semi-lattice yield "deep" patterns (timely again; Chomsky's "deep structures" of language were at hand) that might actually generate designs, rather than simply regulate them?

A *Poietic Language* is the crucial text of the "Timeless Way" sequence, and also, perhaps, the most equivocal. The offered "patterns" are prescriptive and the "language" implies procedures for designing buildings. In *The Production of Houses* Alexander gives an extensive listing of the patterns that were supposedly used in Mexico, and they run from "North east Outdoor Space, Positive Outdoor Space, Long Thin House, Main Entrance, Half-hidden garden . . ." to "Closets Between Rooms, Structure Follows Social Space, Columns at Corners [and] Natural Doors and Windows". Whatever these labels may mean, they are clearly in no kind of hierarchical sequence, nor are they in any other way computer-manageable. What they are, it seems, are human apprehensions of certain building-forms and how to build them. They are more than just representations of the real world; they also represent the "morphological rules which define the patterns in the world". They include "the knowledge which is required to build", and they are also "imperative . . . desirable . . . essential".

These last aspects appear to imply that any of these patterns will act like the genetic information in RNA/DNA, and will actually generate the design. Grabow cites Alexander as believing that this was seen as a threat to creative freedom in architecture: "It fundamentally touches the ego of the creator. So long as you view the rules as constraints, it is as though the creative core was still lying independent and the constraints are merely impinging on them [sic] and shaping it. But once you admit that the rules are generative then you have got right into the creative core and one starts to wonder what the role of the creator in all this is."

Alexander also notes, however, that "boot-leg copies of the pattern language were floating up and down the West Coast and people would show me projects they had done and I began to be more and more amazed that, although it worked, all of these projects basically looked like any other building of our time . . . they still belonged perfectly within the canons of mid-Twentieth-century architecture." His response to this was that the patterns, in that format, had "failed" and that further research, more radical patterns, a more comprehensive language, were required.

It seems perfectly plausible, however, that these named patterns and their connecting language were remarkably like the unspoken patterns of comprehension and resolution that architects had always used to get from Analysis to Synthesis. If this was the case then further research along these lines would probably have been doomed to frustration, but we will never know because Alexander once again changed tack and, instead of using his head, he took to using his hands, making things out of wood and clay and painting genteel ornaments on them in a generically Arts and Crafts manner.

"Arts and Crafts" seems an appropriate description of Alexander's activity not only for visual reasons, but because it connects to other aspects of late nineteenth-century progressive design as well; especially the financial and political. In his attempts to break out of what he saw as the stultifying effects of current building practice which made it impossible to make buildings that were "just right for the ordinary person . . ." he had started to expound procedures for the management of money and land that sounded more and more like the prescriptions of the late Victorian "Practical Utopians" – Bellamy, Morris, Howard, and other promoters of co-operative self-regulating building

Gloom at the loom

Barbara Hardy

Silas Marner
BBC1

Giles Foster's new film for television creams off the surface of the great set-book, with care and charm. Images of faces, things, interiors and landscapes are ravishing, at times distractingly so, as in the Cotswold snow scenes. The lower orders are a bit too smart and clean, including Silas clad in immaculate ragged sackings, but the historic sense is genuinely observant and exploratory, ensuring that the story's class-drama loses nothing of its irony and compassion. The camera is loving. Candlelight casts a shooon on pewter, flame plays on faces, sun-gloams on horseflesh and leather. The lovely grey, Wildfire, almost upstages Dunsey Cass, played with loutish perfection by Jonathan Coy. Another starry success is Elizabeth Hoyle, well directed and responsive as baby Epplie, for whose cute winsomeness George Eliot's own weakness for toddlers is solely to blame. The sixteen-year-old Epplie,

Patsy Kensit, is movingly loyal to class and Silas in her great scene with two "natural" fathers. She is so attractive that Godfrey's desire to build on extra bedrooms to the old whitewashed cottage has an entirely justified, if new, edge of erotic suspicion. The relationship of Godfrey (Patrick Ryecart) and Nancy (Jenny Agutter) is just right, though Godfrey is at times glassy-eyed and lacks that touch of coarseness which would make him plausibly kin to his brother and husband to Angela Ploasance's drug-wrecked Molly. Some melodramatic moments are excellent. When Dunsey leaves Silas's cottage with the stolen money his disappearance is immediately followed by a yell which turns out to be Marner's as he discovers his loss. This exit takes a hint from the ambiguity of the novel's handling of this same moment as Dunsey's death is registered and yet kept a secret. In the words, "He stepped forward into the darkness."

Attentiveness to the novel's surface is carried to an extreme of textual allusiveness. All the story's central props and symbols are luckily present – Godfrey's whip, Silas's knife, key and coins. One of the best images – the only

instance of a deviation from verisimilitude – comes with Silas's hallucinatory confusion of the gold coins with golden hair. But how many viewers will comprehend Dunsey's old-fashioned stare at the meat on the spit, or understand why the miser is to enjoy such a luscious joint? The breaking and reconstitution of Silas's water-jug is included, but so quickly that it will only register its emotional significance, as a channel still open to love, for readers who go back to the text.

The film does not really dramatize the novel's history of complex sickness and cure. Ben Klogesley's performance is unconvincing, especially as he clicks in and out of cataleptic trances, but Giles Foster's conception of the novices has little to do with George Eliot's. His Silas piles the loom with the energy of a great cellist, registering not a reduced, oblivious, absorption in the present, but a pulsation of violent and bitter memory. The weaver's fervency takes us back, with brevity and bite, to the betrayal of Lantern Yard, but the novel is about the inhibition, not the force, of memory, and the film's vivid recall cannot help being a technical cliché and a shallow interpretation. The first Silas is "fervid" but cut off from the past, and the complexity of what is called his "history and metamorphosis" is lost. The omission of his final frustrated return to Lantern Yard doesn't matter in this simplified context.

The film's obsession with surface can't compensate for this loss of depths. It may intend to provide for two responses, the literary and the innocent, but George Eliot, less intensely visual and more discursively analytic than Dickens, is much less easy to turn into cinema. There are two methods of adapting novel to film. One is transformation, which identifies the structural properties of each genre, and makes gains compensate for losses. The other is noivo transference, which chooses those elements which the two genres have in common. This film transfers, but doesn't transfigure. It seems to offer a fairly honourable defence of Victorian fiction, but it lapses into sentimentality. Epplie's choice of Silas, and his embrace, singly steady and grateful radiance, are distinctly lecherous. The film's combination of pathos and glomorous materialism should make it a hit.

The mag trade

Christopher Hawtree

Someone recently paid £30 for a copy of the *New Statesman* in order to read a Hampshire reader's opinion on the Suez crisis, a fact that some would claim marks the peak (or trough) of collecting madness. "The Tory Party are fundamentally wrong in their action over Egypt, and it seems pretty certain that they have been handicapped themselves out of the next election." This appears in a letter published on November 10, 1956. Routine stuff, one might think, turning more eagerly to Edmund Penning-Roswell's wine column or even a Priestley/Leavis controversy. The name of the correspondent, John Fowles, however, is enough to excite some to a frenzy, especially when he is making his first published appearance, and the price is an indication of the interest this branch of collecting has recently aroused.

One reason may be that only the bigger libraries have long runs of periodicals and few people nowadays are in the position of Colonel Blunt in *Vile Bodies* who was able to offer the bewildered Adam a choice of bound volumes of *Punch*: "If you come across anything really funny read it to me."

Had Adam met a less apocalyptic end, he

might well have been a subscriber to *Night and Day*, which began and ended in 1937 with the high hopes of attracting those who found nothing funny about *Punch*. Devoted readers spent 13s 6d in total, a sum far removed from the £800 or more which a set currently fetches. *Lilliput*, which started a month later, was to survive until 1960, five years after Evelyn Waugh had written to congratulate his son "with all my heart on your success with your story . . . It is an agreeable thing to see one's work professionally recognized. . . . They won't pay you until the end of the month in which it appears. That is the usual practice." A uberon Waugh's "Caligula" can bear little relation to Gore Vidal's screenplay, and satisfying one's curiosity could entail buying a set of the 275 issues at a cost of some £700.

The monetary fate of *Night and Day* and *Lilliput*, which, although different in style, had a number of contributors in common, is partly reflected in the prices they fetch. Periodicals are ephemeral. Short-lived ones tend to be even scarcer, and when a set does surface, it is generally one which a collector might have room for: *The Abinger Chronicle*, published in wartime when Max Beerbohm and E. M. Forster were among its contributors, costs £300, rather more than a thirty-year run of *Encounter* ("Golly what a paper. Never again", said Waugh to Cyril Connolly).

Not many can wish to refer so often to a run of the first seventy-five years of the *Edinburgh Review* that they will turn out other things to make way for it, with the result that those 80,000 pages, go for £800, and thirty-one volumes of *All the Year Round* fetch £150.

These are inevitably taken by librarians eager to fuel Victorian Studies courses. For many years the needs of such institutions and of specialist collectors have been met by two London-based dealers, I. D. Edrich and H. A. Landry, whose stock is an abundant testimony to the diverse periodicals which have been able to sustain an existence for varying lengths of time. Among the thirty-seven volumes of *British Book News* (£185) and fifty of *The Bylandt* (£400), 121 numbers of *Horizon* (£240) and forty numbers of *Penguin New Writing* (£70), seventy-six issues of *Scrutiny* (£150), are papers that have become less well known: both George Weidenfeld's *Concorde* (£100), which gives an unusual view of post-war Britain, and *Pact* (£120), edited by Raymond Postgate, which started two months before *Night and Day* and was concerned with social issues, survived until the middle of 1939. These could provide a publisher with ample material from which to make distinctly individual collections.

In 1955 Waugh wrote to Graham Greene to say that he had just found "Eosier Takes All" awaiting me. Thank you very much for giving it

to me. I had read fragments in a hasty paper [*Picture Post* – £750] I picked up and feared at first that they might have ruined it for me. Harold Landry also includes collections of stray magazines which contain work by certain authors, something which must set against author as far as price is concerned, and Julian Nangle, a book dealer at Work, Etcetera in Fulham Road who has recently developed a line in periodicals, provides a detailed index of contributors to the stock he holds. All of which shows that there are many who regard aerial publication and occasional journalism more seriously than Waugh, who was alarmed by the amount of it that Frederick Slopp quoted in an early critical study. Even so, many of these do not fetch as much as the first book version: *The Thirty-Nine Steps* in three numbers of *Blackwood's* costs a third of the 1915 book (£70), an exception is Waugh's *Diaries in the Observer* at £20.

Once he has reached his subject's journal, a collector can hope for no more than the occasional good (perhaps expensive) volume which brings him stray copies of the otherwise periodicals for which writers are compelled to "produce"; for the rest, unless his subject has pen to be such as Anthony Burgess, who is about to publish a 600-page selection, it can only be a matter of a good bibliography and the London Library photocopy.

communities. From *The Oregon Experiment* – a proposal for the sensitive, non-monumental and piecemeal completion of the University of Oregon campus at Eugene – to the virtual reinvention of Hispanic peasant architecture at Mexicali, the echoes grow louder of a whole range of these Arts and Crafts concepts from William Morris's vision of the architect-builder, or master-mason, to... well, to the particular understanding of beauty that Alexander presents in his parable of the old garden wall:

a brick wall that has been standing for one hundred and fifty years, and... some of the paving stones around its base have shifted slightly with the shifting of the Earth's surface and grass growing in between the stones... the wall itself is essentially a disciplined wall and probably has a rather carefully made coping to it, and the bricks are almost perfectly regular, although not perfectly regular, and you imagine the tree that has grown against the wall, and there has been a kind of progressive interaction between this tree and the sun warming the wall and bringing the tree to fruit. I think it is quite clear that all of that has a particular feeling to it.

It is when we learn that this feeling has "an incredible softness" about it, that the echoes become most insistent. For what Alexander is saying in his imprecise language seems very like what that symptomatic figure of the English Craftsman period, C. F. A. Voysey, was saying when he expressed a preference for "the soft effect of the outline of an old building where the angles were put up by eye, compared with the mechanical effect of the modern drafted angle".

The echo is not likely to be conscious, since the quotation from Voysey is fairly obscure. Rather, it seems that Alexander, by intelligent introspection into his own disquiet with modern architecture, has stumbled upon yet another aspect of an earlier pattern, an established tradition within the traditions of the profession. So this must be accounted less a new paradigm than a paradigm renewed. His real achievement, as a theorist, seems to be that in his concept of a generative pattern language he

has come close to identifying a series of thought processes and their geometrical expression, which are distinctive to the kind of design done by architects rather than that done by, say, engineers.

The fact that he believes his pattern language to represent thought processes that architects do not currently use may be attributed to the well-known academic problem of the excessively close viewpoint, and the kind of exclusivist mind-sets generated by intensive polemic. The actual architecture produced in the Mexicali experiment is so strikingly like (amateurish construction aside) that which architects who are pillars of the modern establishment have produced under similarly Hispanicizing circumstances, that one has to doubt whether Alexander has, as Grahaw concludes, "changed the field".

What he does seem to have achieved at Mexicali is the production of houses that deliver his almost ineffable concept of "genuine comfort". The best exposition of this concept of comfort is in *The Linz Cafe*, where "each room, each terrace, alcove, balcony, even each window was chosen to be truly comfortable – a place in which one could feel completely at home and at peace". From recent reports on the work at Mexicali it appears that, in changing political and fiscal climates, the second phase has not been built and the original, almost Ruskinian, concept of the architect-builder's yard as the focus of social as well as constructional activity, has been abandoned. Nevertheless, the proud owner-builders who put so much hope and what is crudely termed (not by Alexander) "sweat equity" into their construction, appear to be generally well pleased with what they got. In a period when dissatisfaction with new housing is a commonplace of life and politics, this could almost be seen as a justification for the elaborate and often mystificatory intellectual processes by which Alexander arrived at this happy result.

Accumulation in a pile

John Dixon Hunt

HOWARD COLVIN
Calke Abbey, Derbyshire: A hidden house revealed
128pp. National Trust/George Philip. £12.95.
0 540 01084 7

The siting of Calke Abbey in the Derbyshire landscape turns out to be truly symbolic: one cannot see it until one has virtually reached it, nor did it ever feature in engraved books of noblemen's seats. And so its treasures – "like a sealed archaeological deposit" – remained hidden until a few years ago; and its eventual disclosure and salvation for the nation provide an exciting tale, as well as an unambiguous indictment of the philistinism and apparently total disregard for history of successive British governments. The home of the Harpur-Crewe family for 400 years, Calke Abbey as we have it today is an eighteenth-century mansion (there survive, however, the remains of a Jacobean banquet hall, twin-towered and giving on bowling-green). Owing to the conservatism and retiring nature, not to say hereditary eccentricity, of many of its successive owners, the house and its contents were embalmed: rooms abandoned under dust-sheets and hangings (which have ensured that fabrics and furnishings have not faded), toys left scattered on nursery floors, a glorious state bed with Chinese silk hangings left packed in its crate, cases on cases of butterflies and birds that turned whole living areas into an ornithological morgue. It was a treasure-house of English social history, miraculously uncorrupted by technology (no motor cars were admitted on the estate till the mid-1920s) or changing fads and fashions by which one generation eliminates from its social environment the tastes and paraphernalia of its predecessors.

Howard Colvin first saw Calke Abbey in 1964 and since 1981 has played a major role in saving this extraordinary monument for the nation. His modest narrative of the family, its house and grounds and its final reception into

the National Trust, is fascinating reading. He has used the hoard of family papers which also survive – deeds, accounts, marriage settlements, wills, inventories, diaries and letters, including one from Henry II – with admirable economy and suggestiveness. He casts sharp, but tantalizingly brief, light across a whole range of activities and behaviour: a tunnel under the park so that workmen's movements need not be observed from windows, marriage settlements that make Tristram Shandy's parents seem normality itself, one "isolated baronet" communicating with his household by letter – a detail that, again, suddenly brings Richardson's *Clarissa* into sharper focus. Calke is essentially a chapter in social history, telling of the rise and prosperity of typical landed gentry and of their recent readjustment to a different world. It is to be hoped that once the National Trust has catalogued all the necessary documents the history of Calke Abbey will be told, perhaps by Colvin himself, in the fullest detail.

This book is illustrated with some astonishing photographs (both in colour and black-and-white), of which the only criticism is that they are occasionally too contrived. The caption of a 1984 photograph of the bedroom, occupied by Sir Vauncey Harpur-Crewe as a young man in the 1860s points (perhaps with unconscious candour) to "its picturesque disorder", but the floor-boards are spotless under the flaking plaster and some of the items (the Hudson's Dry Soap box or the stag's head appeared upon the bed) a touch too eloquently posed. Presumably even the art of the National Trust is truest when most feigning.

Death duties and Capital Transfer Tax finally brought the management and upkeep of Calke Abbey to a crisis in 1981. What Colvin calls "the maze of fiscal penalties and concessions created by the modern state to redistribute wealth" seemed set to doom Calke. Only the creative intervention of more imaginative people could solve the financial and legal problems and finally persuade the government to assist its salvation. In the nick of time the Harpur-Crewe family motto, *Cogita Mori*, was at last gained.

On the short-list

Edward Chaney

RODERICK BROWN (Editor)
The Architectural Outsiders
244pp. Waterstone. £28.
094752048

Each of the ten self-contained studies in *The Architectural Outsiders* seeks to "establish the reputation" of a British architect who has not enjoyed "the luck of a Lutyens". Roderick Brown's justificatory preface argues that "an architect's reputation... depends on much more than talent alone", while Kerry Downes's stylishly suitable introduction would seem especially appropriate when inviting comparison between Hawksmoor, "now a redeemed outsider", and the as yet unredeemed subjects of this book. Professor Downes's modest disclaimer to the effect that Hawksmoor would have scaled Parnassus despite his helping hand, however, fails to prevent one questioning the true appropriateness of his comparison or indeed the extent to which any of these outsiders could be considered an unlucky Lutyens.

Long before his twentieth-century redemption, Hawksmoor was granted far more space in the *Dictionary of National Biography* than James Essex, his nearest rival among Mr Brown's ten. And how outside were (and are) the outsiders? Though Hawksmoor gets eight times their average attention, six of them are dealt with by the *DNB*. The Penguin *Dictionary of Architecture*, though it excludes Essex, gives Samuel Teulon (not in *DNB*) maximum column-centimetres but a dressing-down for domineering churches and coarse details. Howard Colvin's indispensable *Biographical Dictionary of British Architects* provides a full account of every outsider active within its timespan as well as scrupulous lists of documented and attributed works on which are based most of the lists appended to *The Architectural Outsiders*.

The shortest of these lists belongs to the first chapter, in which Nigel Sligo-Rowe conscientiously summarizes research for a recently completed doctoral dissertation on Sir Roger Pratt. If the latter has been "unlucky" it is only in the series of accidents which have reduced even this short list to a chronicle of destruction or drastic alteration reaching back from the 1952 fire which gutted Coleshill, into Pratt's own lifetime, when the political injustice which brought down the Earl of Clarendon led likewise to the destruction of his magnificent new palace in Piccadilly. But *Fortuna* is not entirely to blame for Pratt's exclusion from Parnassus: deficient *virtu* was noted by qualified contemporaries prior even to the completion of Clarendon House. Though Sligo-Rowe cites the well-known letter in which John Evelyn praises Pratt's palazzo to Clarendon's son, he does not refer to the *Diary* entry in which Evelyn notes "many defects as to the architecture". Neither does he quote Evelyn on the "infirmities" of Horseheath Hall. A fellow virtuoso, Roger North, was even less enthusiastic about Clarendon House; only Pepys, a connoisseur of music, theatre and women, rather than of architecture, was unservicably eulogistic. Coleshill's superior quality, on the other hand, merits the care which has gone into establishing its independence from Inigo Jones and a later (but usual) dating. Less careful are the statements that Nicholas Stone junior, Hugh May and Richard (here "Ralph") Symonds travelled abroad during the Civil War, for none of them did so.

Richard Hewlings's more original and informative account of the architecture of James Leoni fully compensates for minor editorial errors and inconsistencies such as "Clivedon" for "Cliveden", though it is somewhat surprising, given that his discovery of Leoni's involvement at Wycombe House is based on the Leigh manuscripts in the John Rylands Library, to find the latter cited quasi-phonetically as the "J. R. Rylands Library".

William Horn, once criticized by Wittkower for anding his medieval forms "feebly below the ceiling" in Sir Roger Newdigate's library at Arbury, is now known not to have been responsible for the over-enthusiastic application of Gothick. In promoting the brothers Horn as architects rather than mere masons, Andor

Gomme seems happy to have lost this library to Newdigate and concentrates instead on the differences between "what is unquestionably the Horns' most distinguished house", Foremark Hall in Derbyshire – beautifully illustrated here both in the text and on the dust-jacket – and Isaac Ware's larger but less satisfying antecedent, Wrotham Park. Ware crops up again in Roger White's skilful reassessment of the career of John Vardy. If Vardy's colleagues et the newly Palladianized Office of Works were Burlington protégés, Vardy himself has come to be regarded as a protégé of the protégé, the anonymous emanation of William Kent. In the process of demonstrating that Vardy was not merely "Kent's clone", White is able to supplement Colvin's biographical account by publishing newly discovered details of Vardy's plebeian percentage and the place and date of his baptism.

Given the volume's somewhat contrived theme (*De infestis*?), instances of unity or even of continuity are rare and the introduction of Henry Keene towards the end of the essay on Vardy is probably fortuitous. While notes "less than complete conviction" is Keene's attempts at tackling the neo-classical wind, while Tim Mowl – co-author of *Trumpet or a Distant Gote: The lodge as prelude to the country house* (1985) – substitutes his chapter to Keene, "A Goth in spite of himself". We thus suspect in advance another unsuccessfully concluded career and indeed, notwithstanding his appointment as Surveyor to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster at the age of twenty, Keene never really caught what pre-Wilkinsonians used to call the *Zeitgeist*. In the absence of any other portrait, Mowl might have reproduced or even mentioned Robert Pyle's interesting 1760 conversation piece – a photograph of which appeared in *Country Life* in 1945 – depicting Keene surrounded by identifiable craftsmen. Keene suffers, in Colvin's view, by comparison with James Essex, as a serious student of Gothick. "Archaeological integrity" is no guarantee of exciting architecture, however, and even the excellence of Thomas Coke's essay on Essex cannot conceal that nothing in his *oeuvre* quite matches Keene's exquisite Gothick dining-room at Arbury. Reminiscent of this, largely because of a common model in Henry VII's chapel at Westminster, was Thomas Hopper's extraordinary fan-vaulted conservatory at Carlton House, built for the Prince Regent in 1807. Hopper's painted cast-iron and coloured glass were in no danger, however, of being mistaken for the real thing. His bold eclecticism, well described here by Neil Burton, produced astonishingly vivid results in the sublime neomanesque he perfected for Penrhyn Castle, the best-illustrated building to this volume.

Matthew Saunders's account of Teulon is less sparing of superlatives with less justification, for Teulon, despite an interesting roof of two, seems likely to remain the unredeemed "rogue" contemporaries thought him. In Gow argues persuasively that in David Rind "Scotland possessed an architect of great ability" but in his concluding claim that the William Miller Mausoleum at Craigellany "is a monument to Rind's individual genius" he suspects an element of irony. We finally enter the twentieth century with the attractive but rather mundane pre-Modernism of Ernest Newton. The difficulties involved in discussing the stylistic development of an architect who was usually aiming at stylelessness are skilfully handled by Richard Morris.

If Newton and the other architectural heroes of these essays are too readily accorded the status of genius, one is not inclined to complain. It is a function of the authors' motivation. Like the youthful majority of these architectural historians, Waterstone's have also begun their publishing career with an idealism tempered by intelligence. Notwithstanding some uneven editing and the annoying absence of figure references in the text, all parties are to be congratulated for providing a rallying point for so much worthwhile and, on the whole, enjoyable scholarship.

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The serious and the obsequious

Harvey Sachs

TEODORO CELLI and GIUSEPPE PUGLIESE
Tullio Serafin: Il patriarca del melodramma
235pp. Venice: Corbo e Fiore. L24,000.
88 7086 014 0
FIAMMA NICOLODI
Musica e musical nel ventennio fascista
488pp. Fiesole: Discanto. L48,000.
88 7656 005 X

Was it really possible for one man to have attended the world premiere of *Falstaff* (1893), conducted the Italian premieres of *Der Rosenkavalier*, *Wozzeck*, *Peter Grimes* and *Persephone*, and the United States premieres of *Simon Boccanegra*, *Sorochinsky Fair*, *Sadko*, *Turandot* and *La vida breve*; played a determining part in launching the career of Maria Callas; and worked with youngsters like Joan Sutherland, Jon Vickers, Leontyne Price and Luciano Pavarotti in the late 1950s and early 60s? How could one man have played the viola in the Scala orchestra when Toscanini opened his first season there with *Meistersinger* (1898) and closed his own conducting career with the same work at Rome's Teatro dell'Opera in 1964?

Tullio Serafin (1878-1968) was an outstanding example of the craftsman-conductor, a breed now nearly extinct. His was not a brilliant, original talent, destined to influence the performance styles of his contemporaries and successors; nor was Serafin a charismatic leader who inspired his forces to give more than they themselves had thought they possessed. His strengths were his thorough knowledge of every aspect of operatic performance, his formidable instinct for discovering and fostering first-rate vocal talent, his quickness in assimilating an impressive assortment of musical languages, and his ability to make the best of the circumstances under which he was obliged to operate. For these reasons, Toscanini engaged him early on as his assistant, recommended him later for important positions, and paid him the best compliment he was capable of bestowing on a performing musician: "He is a serious worker."

Seventeen years after Serafin's death, a book about him has been published as the first in a series of volumes dedicated to music and musicians of the Veneto, his native region. Surprisingly, half of *Tullio Serafin: Il patriarca del melodramma* is occupied by a previously unpublished autobiographical sketch assembled by Teodoro Celli, who had made notes during conversations with the conductor in 1960 and to whom Serafin had then given a large packet containing his own handwritten notes. The results are necessarily disconnected, unilinear and uncontroversial (they were originally intended for serialized publication, while Serafin was still alive, in a mass-circulation weekly); but they contribute greatly, and with charm, to our knowledge of the Italian operatic industry from the 1890s to the middle of this century.

Like other musicians of his generation, Serafin was educated for an artisan's career. The late nineteenth-century lyric theatre was a living organism: operas were created and performed for a ready-made, voracious audience. Large numbers of thoroughly prepared singers, coaches, instrumentalists and conductors were therefore required to supply public demand. Serafin studied composition with Gaetano Coronaro and Antonio Bazzini (the latter had taught Puccini and Catalani) at the Milan Conservatory and became an accomplished pianist – an important skill for opera conductors, who used to be expected to prepare singers in their roles – as well as pursuing his violin and viola studies. He studied conducting not by taking classes in baton technique but by playing under and carefully observing the very best and the very worst conductors of the day; and he became a conductor not by winning a competition or by mastering the art of looking like a public relations expert's ideal image of a conductor but by working in wretched provincial theatres until he was considered good enough to work in better houses.

Serafin's sketches of Mascagni, Richard Strauss, Toscanini and others are interesting but not surprising. More revealing are his

accounts of a world in which theatrical agents had to be able to recognize talent if the opera seasons they themselves were required to organize were to survive, in which publishers helped composers to stage their new operas, and in which young conductors paid attention to how old stage hands hummed arias from *bel canto* operas, in the hope of discovering the correct, natural tempi of those pieces: an irretrievable world in which a musical-theatrical culture was being created rather than embalmed, tried out rather than analysed. The book includes brief essays and many personal testimonials of no great value as well as some very telling lists (biographical summary, performance chronology, repertoire, discography and so on) – from which we learn, in addition to some of the startling facts already mentioned, that during his extraordinarily long career Serafin, who had a repertoire of 243 operas, conducted only twenty-two symphonic concerts, many of them consisting mainly of operatic overtures and excerpts. He was almost exclusively a man of the theatre.

Sensitive noses could already distinguish a whiff of formaldehyde in the opera house by the mid-1930s, when Mussolini persuaded Serafin to leave his enviable position at the Metropolitan Opera and take over Rome's Royal Opera Theatre – which the dictator hoped would eventually surpass La Scala as Italy's operatic Mecca. Nevertheless, opera continued to be an object of widespread public interest throughout the twenty-one-year period of fascist dominion, and it is therefore remarkable that forty more years have had to pass until publication of the first monograph on the government's policies towards music and musicians.

The topic is obstacle-ridden because of the ambiguous nature of the Italian brand of fascism and of music itself. Unlike Hitler's Germany, Mussolini's Italy had neither clear-cut goals nor consistently identifiable categories of enemies. The only constant rule was summarized by Leo Longanesi in his mindless phrase: "Mussolini is always right". The ways in which Mussolini was "right", however, were often so contradictory and unpredictable that any attempt to assess degrees of consensus or protest among members of any professional class is immediately blocked by other questions – the most obvious being: Consent to what?

The blameless wordsmith

John Rosselli

JOHN BLACK
The Italian Romantic Libretto: A study of Salvatore Cammarano
380pp. Edinburgh University Press. £30.
0 85224 463 0

As Italian Romantic opera comes into its own again – as Donizetti draws the crowd and forgotten scores undergo minute study – the author of the words is almost the last figure to emerge from the oubliette reserved for hacks. Even Patrick J. Smith's general history of the libretto, *The Tenth Muse*, concentrates on the transitional figure of Felice Romani, the elegant verifier of *Norma*, and on Verdi as shaper of the altogether worthy dialogue (*parola scenica*) he demanded of his librettists. Italian critics have lately worked on the sources, language, prosody and even politics of libretti; one, Mario Lavagetto, has written an ambitious structuralist study whose title, *Quei più modesti romanzi*, suggests the place of opera as Italy's equivalent to the romantic novel, and he has elsewhere brought out in absorbing detail the changes which the timorous and moralistic censors of the old disunited Italy imposed on the text of *Rigoletto*. This still leaves plenty of room for a work like John Black's, which uses the career of a figure at once typical and worthy of respect to "throw a new light... on operatic life of the period".

Salvatore Cammarano has, for the student, the advantage of a fairly brief career: his best-known work, *Il trovatore*, was also his last (some of it literally written on his deathbed); he came nowhere near the daunting 160 libretti turned out, over sixty years, by Gaetano Rossi. At the same time Cammarano was wholly of the theatre; one of a family of actors, dan-

Protest against what? In the case of composers, the problem is complicated by the near impossibility of pinpointing definable states of mind, let alone opinions, in their music.

What emerges from a study of Italian musical life under fascism is a picture of workaday ingenuity and intrigue in abundance, much grotesque opportunism, occasional examples of naive good faith in the régime, and very little real political opposition. But surrounding, overwhelming, drowning everything else is an endless stream of fluctuating government directives on musical education, the management of opera houses, the formation of innumerable musicians' unions, corporations, councils and committees, and the organization of festivals, congresses, competitions and musical showcases – all brainchildren of various party Excellencies or of musical personalities who had ingratiated themselves with the régime. Many of the ideas were good (for example, plans for joint national, provincial and municipal financing of the major opera houses, for encouraging the performance of contemporary works therein, and for the construction of a major concert-hall in Rome); others were absurd (for example, competitions for works "celebrating the foundation of the Empire" following Italy's war against Ethiopia); and nearly all remained partly or wholly unrealized. Fortunately for Italian musicians and music-lovers, the government prided itself on allowing new foreign music to be heard, with the result that everyone from Stravinsky to Schoenberg, from Hindemith to Shostakovich, from Bloch to Bartók, was represented – some more than others – on concert and theatre programmes. This openness began to wane, however, with the publication of the antisemitic edicts of 1938. It was dealt another blow by Italy's entry into the war in 1940; but anomalies occurred even thereafter, the most noteworthy being the national premiere of *Wozzeck* (Serafin conducting, Gobbi in the title role) at the Rome Opera in 1942 – a production that would have been unthinkable in Germany at that time.

Fiamma Nicolodi's book is valuable both for the information it contains and for the author's equanimity in setting forth her findings. Intended for specialists, it provides little background material for readers who cannot already find their way through the maze of

fascist ministries and ministers or who are not thoroughly familiar with the historical context. On the other hand, the book's first half, subtitled "Musical currents during the twenty fascist years", devotes nearly as much space to the pre-fascist sources of those currents as it does to their development during the period under study. The human side of the story is found in the second section, "Musicians and power", much of which is occupied by letters from well-known musicians of the day to Mussolini and other party potentates. In the main, these documents are depressing for their revealing obsequiousness and degrading mendacity. For example, Amilcare Zanella, director of the Liceo Rossini in Pesaro, sent this letter on July 1, 1942, when Mussolini presumably had one or two other things on his mind:

Duce:
While my spirit vibrates with legitimate national pride for the victorious climate created by your Genius, the memory of your esteem and benevolence induce me to write to you.
You know – because you are aware of everything – of the success of my opera *Il Revisore* in Germany (given in German) in February 1941; a success attested to by the attached press documentation. My artist's pride advises me to invoke your intervention so that *Il Revisore* will be performed on Italian stages, following its noteworthy success in Trieste, February 1940 – XVIII year of the Fascist Era! You had the goodness to send me – the highest reward – your congratulations at that time.

My primary criticism of Nicolodi's book is really a criticism of a general tendency among Italian scholars of the post-Croce-Salvemini generations to make their texts hard to digest – as if there were something immoral about writing a cumulative historical narrative. Nicolodi is in complete command of her material and has clearly given it many years of intelligent attention. She also knows how to make a point and has a gift for irony. So why not forge all this knowledge and talent into a cohesive whole? Why are the Ministry of Popular Culture's directives from the régime's last years the subject of the first chapter? Why are enormous footnotes not incorporated into the text, when their substance is germane, and eliminated altogether when it is not? Despite these structural weaknesses, however, Fiamma Nicolodi's book is bound to remain a seminal work not just in the field of music under fascism but in the whole area of art and politics.

ore, when you get down to it, unravels quite logically, the chattering babble still leave audiences bemused (even the 1853 audience, libretto in hand in a theatre illuminated throughout, may have found Ferrando's narrative hurtling by too fast for comprehension).

As well as a poet (whose prosody gets a chapter to itself), Cammarano was resident stage manager of the two royal theatres in a city – Naples – where all the theatres together gave some 700 performances of opera a year, some of them two a night. His surviving papers document his handling of stage action (by as many as 168 performers); they suggest a combination of formal pictorial handling with professional skill in keeping things on the move.

Though based on careful archival research, the book gives no references, on the grounds that the sources are clear from the text and bibliography. This is by and large valid; all the same, one would like to know the evidence for the statement that Naples performances at other than royal theatres started just before or after midnight; it seems improbable outside the summer months. An unwelcome surprise is the large number of misprints of Italian, French and German names and titles, crowed in a book from this source, at this price – by a wrong gender and a misspelling in *La prigione d'Edimburgo*; Federico Ricci's opera based on *The Heart of Midlothian*.

Still, these are surface blemishes on a solid and instructive work, which goes about as far as one can to illuminate opera and its production through the study of words and word-misfits alone. The romantic libretto, after all, remained an occasion for musical structure. There are times – as when we are asked to consider whether "a moment of fearful silence" followed by a largo in a finale is dramatically apt – when judgment aunts wait on Donizetti or Verdi to strike up the band.

The goat-song context

John Gould

JOHN HERINGTON
Poetry into Drama: Early tragedy and the
Greek poetic tradition
292pp. University of California Press. £26.50.
0520051009

"From what did Greek tragedy originate?" is, on the face of it, a question that deserves an answer, but it is far from clear that it has an answer. As John Herington puts it, in eschewing the question: "I have concluded that the evidence is simply insufficient to allow the application of rational methods."

That, of course, has not stopped classical scholars from offering answers, as various and as incompatible with one another as they are numerous. But then classical scholars have always been drawn to origins and to speculative reconstruction of what we have lost. Inevitably the answers have largely consisted in working out the consequences of the assumptions from which one starts, and for the most part they

have not taken us very far or fared very well. The assumption that drama begins in ritual, already visible in Nietzsche, led Gilbert Murray and the so-called Cambridge school of Jane Harrison and F. M. Cornford to "reconstruct" rituals of the death and rebirth of the year-spirit, for which no evidence has ever existed, though some was "found". The assumption that the development of a literary form is uniquely linear led, by a process of extrapolation backwards from the earliest surviving play-texts, to reconstructed Ur-tragedies consisting of no more than antiphonal exchanges between a singing chorus and a speaking actor: it may have been so, but the theory takes us no further than the scenes we already have. The assumption, well enough founded in itself, that Aristotle had more evidence than we have for the prehistory of the genre led many to "find" the origins of tragedy in forms of lyric poetry that we do not possess. Not many would now put much money on the correctness of any of these theories and the results are not only disappointingly meagre but throw no light on the plays we do have. Moreover the nagging thought arises that Aristotle is notoriously a

bad historian of his own specialism, philosophy: should we suppose it likely that he was any better when it comes to tragedy?

It is thoughts like these that led the latest writer on the question understandably to devote a mere five spare and sober pages to the topic of origins in the *Cambridge History of Classical Literature*, pages which contain as many questions as statements and which begin: "The hardened scholar approaches this subject with dismay".

Dismay is not a characteristic of Herington's approach to the genesis of tragedy. Instead, his attractive and sensitive book offers not a new answer but an alternative perspective; not, this time, a myopic vision of out-of-focus "origins" but a large panorama of a solidly attested tradition of poetic performance, before a ready-made audience gathered for religious festivities and going back to the beginnings of Greek poetry in Homeric epic. Out of this tradition tragedy grows at the end of the sixth century ac as a brilliantly creative amalgam of existing forms but not a totally mysterious and unparalleled new thing whose origins require to be uncovered.

Herington carefully assembles the literary and artistic evidence for this performing tradition in which works are passed from one generation to the next, not as text but as continual re-performance. The tradition embraces Homeric epic, choral song, solo lyrics, elegiac and iambic poetry and reaches into almost every part of the Greek-speaking Mediterranean. Significantly, Herington argues, the tradition only really affects Athens in the last third of the sixth century, when revolutionary power-holders such as Peisistratus, refounding traditional religious festivals, incorporate in

them new competitions in poetic performance. Within a generation tragedy appears, bearing clear marks, in metrical form and subject-matter alike, of influence from the work of great performers in other genres of the preceding generations, performing poets such as Sappho and Anacreon, of borrowings from Spartan traditions of choral performance and from popular song, and, in the work of Aeschylus, of the overriding influence of Homer himself in creating a sense of true seriousness in poetry which presented living men in action.

Herington's argument is well supported. It is not often appealing in its presentation, it succeeds admirably in conveying its author's own sense of excitement and dazzling discovery as the pieces fit together. The evidence he presents for the most part is not new, but Herington's originality consists not in the least in putting it together to make a new picture of what he calls (not altogether helpfully) the "song culture" of early Greece. This is a book which it is a genuine pleasure to read and it must make all students of Greek tragedy look at their subject within a different frame of reference. It almost succeeds in smuggling the question of origins off the field of enquiry altogether. But not quite. There are still some pieces of evidence that have no place in Herington's picture. They include the convention of masking, which had no place in earlier traditions of poetic performance and which Herington seems rather to dismiss. Most strikingly, perhaps, the name "tragedy" itself: "goat-song" is still with us as an indigestible lump of roughage in the smooth-textured metamorphosis of poetry into drama. The ambience of ritual will not quite go away: there is a bit more to be said yet.

Unbroken stones

C. M. Woodhouse

ROBERT BROWNING (Editor)
The Greek World: Classical, Byzantine and modern
328pp. Thames and Hudson. £20.
0500250928

Books which treat Greek history as an unbroken continuum from the Bronze Age to modern times are strangely rare, at least in English. Usually the Greeks are treated as having had three separate histories—classical (plus or minus Hellenistic), Byzantine, and modern. With the long gaps in between, this treatment leaves the impression that there were three distinct peoples, not necessarily of the same name, who happened to occupy more or less that same geographical space.

Robert Browning's volume is the most convincing attempt yet published to dispel these fallacies and to present a synoptic account of the Greek world from beginning to end. Two things are particularly make it not simply an attempt but a resounding success. One is the high quality of the contributors; the other, the superlative illustrations.

There are twelve contributors, but it is clearly Professor Browning himself who has given the book its shape and character. He contributes a masterly introduction summarizing the perennial influences on Greek history—climate, geographical, economic—which have confronted this gifted people with the challenge of poverty. It is as well not to forget this in evaluating their achievement. Characteristically, the Greeks embody the fact in myth: when God created the world, he distributed all the available soil through a sieve; and when he had provided every country with enough of it, he tossed the remaining stones from the sieve over his shoulder—and there was Greece.

The facts behind the myth are beautifully illustrated in 367 plates in colour or black-and-white. Not only are they better reproductions than in past publications, but some of the subjects are new: the murals of Santorini, the gold vessels of Vergina and Derwent, the bronze statues rescued from the sea off Calabria.

A nice balance is kept throughout between exact scholarship and imaginative interpretation. Nicety does not mean simply equilibrium: the balance rightly leans to the side of exaltation in the chronological chapters and towards

interpretation in the cultural chapters. There are six in each category. Chronological history is divided between A. M. Snodgrass (Minoan, Mycenaean and Bronze Age); C. Mossé (classical), Michel Austin (Hellenistic), Averil Cameron (early Roman Empire), Judith Herrin (Byzantine) and Richard Clogg (Ottoman Empire and modern). Cultural history is divided between A. A. Long (philosophy), I. M. Cook (classical art), Peter Levi (literature), Speros Vryoniou and George Yannopoulos (the impact of Hellenism on the Eastern and Western worlds) and Nikos Svoronos (the survival of the Hellenic spirit at home).

Inevitably there is some overlap and occasionally a rough edge. Modern literature is treated, very perceptively, by Clogg rather than Levi, though the latter would clearly be liked to advance beyond his allotted field, which terminates with the Gospels. There are also one or two slightly disappointing gaps: Professor Cook limits himself to the major arts—architecture, sculpture, pottery—to the exclusion of engraving (coins and jewellery). But one cannot have everything in a book of this limited scale.

One cannot, for example, have every tantalizing question answered. At best, in many cases, the questions can only be defined. When and how did Knossos fall? Was Hissarlik really the site of Troy? Why did literacy disappear for several centuries between the end of the Mycenaean age and the emergence of the Greek alphabet? What were the causes of the great migrations and the later colonizing movement?

These questions are all here, explicitly or by implication. But rather than attempting to answer them in a kind of mini-monograph, the contributors generally prefer to select a few representative themes or episodes which can be handled on a manageable scale, and which serve to illuminate the whole of their immense field. Long's treatment of Greek philosophy is a model of this kind.

The conclusion of the whole work, though not explicit, is inescapable. The authors accept the unbroken continuity of the Greek world from beginning to end. They do not even mention the name of Jakob Faltner, the nineteenth-century historian who made the Greeks "pure Hellenic blood" by jailing them that they had no pure Hellenic blood in their veins. And who, after all, would not agree with Faltner?

Puppeteers, pistol firers, prima donnas . . .

Roger Savage

PHILIP H. HIGHFIELD Jr., KALMAN A. BURNIM and EDWARD A. LANGHAUS
A Biographical Dictionary of Actors, Actresses, Musicians, Dancers, Managers and Other Stage Personnel in London 1660-1800
Volume 9: Kickill to Machin
409pp. 0 8093 1129 1
Volume 10: McIntosh to Nash
425pp. 0 8093 1129 1130 5
Southern Illinois University Press. £36 each.
VINCENT J. LIENEFELD
The Licensing Act of 1737
259pp. University of Wisconsin Press. £26.10.
0299098109
SHIRLEY STRUM KENNY (Editor)
British Theatre and the Other Arts, 1660-1800
311pp. Folger Books/Associated University Presses. £23.50.
0918016557

During the period of the 1940s, 50s and 60s much scrupulous factual research on the history of the British theatre from the Restoration to the Regency was carried out by British scholars, many of them (notably Sybil Rosenfeld, Cecil Price, Richard Southern and Eric Walter White) associated with the Society for Theatre Research. The society has gone on doing good things, but about twenty years ago a group of American scholars came to prominence with the publication at Carbondale by the Southern Illinois University Press of *The London Stage 1660-1800*, a collaborative calendar of performances in eleven large volumes. Its compilers, Professors Avery, Hogan, Scouten, Stone and Van Lennep, comprised the original Carbondale "Mafia", so to speak. They were soon joined by others, who began work on issuing another huge repository of information. This was the Highfield-Burnim-Langhaus *Biographical Dictionary*, its aim being to list and describe all the professional performers, entrepreneurs, theatre staff, scene-painters and so on—well over 8,000 of them—known to have been involved between 1660 and 1800 in the presentation of plays, concerts, operas, ballets, puppet shows and mixer-matter entertainments in London. When publication started in 1973, twelve volumes of the *Dictionary* were projected. However, though the volumes under review are the ninth and tenth, they only take us from the Ks to the start of the Ns, and the current project, it is thought, may eventually run to eighteen volumes.

These two volumes between them show the range of the enterprise. London from 1660 to 1800 is the focus, but its penumbra takes in, on one side, the musician Nicholas Lanier, born in 1588, and on the other the actor John Litchfield, who outlived the Crimean War. Coincidentally appear who, like the Mozarts, spent only a short time in London, as do British artists whose work was more outside the capital than in, including some who finally made good in Philadelphia or Moscow. *Métier* and status are treated as inclusively as history and geography: the prima donna Gertrude Mara (notorious for remaining seated during the "Hallelujah Chorus") appears with such popular idols as the pistol-firing Little Military Learned Horse; and performers such as the remarkable reformist actor and nonagenarian Charles Macklin, whose entry justifiably runs to twenty-five pages, don't elbow out others about whom only a scrap or two of fact survives; as with a certain Mr Larken, an engraver by training, whose Richard III at Covent Garden in 1772 led the *Theatrical Review* to hope that he cut a better figure on copper than he did on the stage.

Given the scale of the project, there are inevitably flecks of misinformation and misprinting (one such rudely takes twenty years off Macklin's great age). There are a lot of cheerfully admitted lacunae and frank speculations as well. But the *Dictionary*'s standards of accuracy and solidity have always been high, and they remain so. Its style of presentation remains relaxed but without self-indulgence. Only rarely does one of the three contributors get side-tracked (on a tedious paragraph, for instance, on Dr Burney's impatience with the music of Henry Lawes) or allow himself a trace of petulance about the number of "forgettable roles in forgotten works": a particular actor's part in the history of the theatre is not to be judged by the number of his roles in forgotten works.

lightful brief lives as those of Mrs Knapp, whose breasts Samuel Pepys as loved to handle and of Miss Mellon, who sent Sir Walter Scott an ink-blot so that he could immortalize her social climbing. All in all, the only things about the *Dictionary* to have deteriorated since 1973 are the quality of the paper used for recent volumes and the size of the type they carry. Otherwise it continues to be as good to browse in as it is reliable for reference.

Browsing reveals a world of performers little different in some respects from today's. The actors and musicians here form fatal attachments, open coffee-shops, go in for sudden conversions, feed the ducks in St James's Park, write their memoirs, drift hopelessly into debt. In other ways, though, it is a very different world. With spoken drama, this largely has to do with the changed relation of actor to role: not as now a matter of working out a characterization which is tailored for a specific run of performances and thereafter most likely discarded; but rather the working up of a large number of parts, over which the performer would have long-term proprietary rights and which would be continually on call so that a manager could decide as late as possible the best plays to perform in a given week to catch the best audiences. This is to put the matter too simply, but it perhaps explains why these two volumes lack more than a handful of anecdotes about role-preparing and rehearsals: something a similar set of twentieth century actor's biographies would surely be full of.

In the place of such stories, it is an actor's "line"—the often close family relationship between his stock roles—which tends to give a particular flavour to his entry. There is often a certain pathos too, as in the accounts of John Lyons and John Ledger: their working lives a near-endless succession of waiters, sailors, servants, passengers, boon companions and mobsters in pretty thin plays, with the occasional small treat—Marcellus in *Hamlet*, Gadsbills in *Henry IV*—thrown in. Or the remarkable Robert Morgan, whose earthly reward for the forty years he spent playing score upon score of smash broad comic parts was to be given a benefit performance in 1757 as Oldest Actor in England.

When the *Dictionary* is complete, more than browsing and spot-referring will be possible: assuming, that is, that there are finding-lists of the right kind in the final volume. I hope these will not only include groupings by career and period ("Restoration travesty-artists", "Georgian equilibrist", "Regency bassoonists", and the like), but psychological groupings as well: theatrical amnesiacs, ad-libbers, takers of stage names, ascenders with the takings, touchy duellists, compulsive drifters. An interesting grouping of performers would be by their political allegiances and activities; but on the evidence of these volumes I doubt whether it would be very large. It comes as a shock to find a mock-elegy on William Mountfort's sensational murder in the 1690s referring to him as a "base and unmanly Whig". And if the actors here are not very political they don't come across as displaying strong tribal characteristics either, certainly not flamboyant bohemian ones. Aside from the occasional lampooning of an actress for immoral living (justified or otherwise) and the rare green-room or dark-alley murder, like Thomas Hallam's or Mountfort's, they appear as hard-working, passably well-integrated members of society, not the "pimping, sponging, idle, impious race" of the satirists.

Yet their tribe did have a political dimension. As a group they were often thought of as rootless strollers (especially before Garrick's arrival on the scene) and hence as a threat, like all other vagabonds, to public order. Their playhouses came under attack as sinks of irregular living, all too likely to taint the decent, respectable folk dwelling nearby. The plays they presented there were often deemed to be openly or covertly subversive of the status quo. It is this aspect of the profession, in its relation to the king and his ministers, that is examined by Vincent J. Lienefeld in *The Licensing Act of 1737*. His study is useful, if narrowly focused. It is very fully and lucidly documented and annotated, and offers a vivid, almost day-to-day account of the ways that politics in the playhouse interacted with playhouse talk at Westminster in the months leading up to the passage of the Licensing Act of 1737.

Act, the act which established the Lord Chamberlain as dramatic censor and limited legitimate drama in London to the two "patent" houses.

The Act emerges from the study as less Walpole's own creation and more an expression of powerful general currents of thought in the early eighteenth century than is commonly recognized (though John Loftis some time ago suggested that this was the case). Also, it comes to seem less reactionary when placed, as here, against its background of acute tensions between various vested interests: ministry versus opposition, parliament versus monarchy, king versus their apparent, theatre managers versus actors, patent-holders versus non patent holders. Yet the fact remains that, in its censoring aspect, the Act was a victory for the principle that the administration is the State—and hence that criticism of the administration in a performing medium like drama is tantamount to sedition—over the Aristophanic principle that the State is best served by a concern on the part of the theatre to test the flimsiness of any set of new clothes the emperor may try on. It was a sorry business. Had there been less polarization of interests, there might have been the opportunity to experiment with Aaron Hill's intriguing scheme of 1735, quoted by Lienefeld, for a board of "commissioners of taste" (on the analogy of the Commissioners of Trade): a kind of buffer-zone between playwright and government. Among other things, the existence of such a board might have persuaded Henry Fielding to stay on in the theatre beyond his ramblous twenties. If it had, "Henricus Scriblerus Secundus" might have combined the free-wheeling gusto of his early political farces with that brilliance of large-scale organization he was later to show in *Tom Jones* so as to create Aristophanic drama of a stature and scope comparable with *Gulliver's Travels* or *The Dunciad*.

The causes and symbolic significance of Fielding's desertion of the stage for the novel in the late 1730s preoccupy literary folk in much the same way that musical folk are preoccupied by theatre-going London's apparent desertion, about forty years earlier, of the spectacular spoken-and-sung "semi-opera" (Purcell's forte) for the through-sung Italianate opera we tend to think of as Handelian. Both "desertions" figure largely in *British Theatre and the Other Arts, 1660-1800* (though in the Purcell-Handel case "desertion" is shown to be far too melodramatic a term). The book assembles essays by fifteen different hands which grow

out of a Folger Institute conference in Washington. These folk theatre to music, dance, prose fiction, painting, caricature and the applied arts. From a musical point of view I find the book's title a bit strange, since if ever there was a phase of British theatre when the music—and it is only theatre-music the book considers—was not an "other" art but as integral to the whole as speech, it is the period 1660-1800. This is something which comes over strongly in the *Biographical Dictionary*, where singers, dancers and instrumentalists forever seem about to swamp those poor actors who merely speak.

Title apart, however, there is much to admire in the collection. Most of the essays are at least serviceable, while those by Judith Milhous, R. D. Hume and J. P. Hunter are very fine. Hunter has a partial but trenchantly persuasive piece on the shift of focus in mid-eighteenth-century English sensibility from crowded pit, box and gallery to the very private closets in which Pamela's letters were written and read. Milhous and Hume, who collaborated some years ago on a handsomely printed and annotated edition of the theatrical papers of Queen Anne's Vice-Chamberlain, Thomas Coke, here have separate but conjunct studies: hers on those late Restoration semi-operatic spectaculars, his on the various kinds of music-theatre which jostled one another in London between the death of Purcell and the arrival of the first internationally known castrato to sing Italian opera on the English stage. Their essays are small-scale theatre-history at its best, making worthwhile points, clearing up misconceptions, and elegantly marshalling a great deal of fact.

The Folger collection may be seen as a sequel to that assembled for the California University Press in 1981 by George Winchester Stone, from a series of seminars at the Clark Library, under the title *The Stage and the Page: London's "whole show" in the eighteenth-century theatre*. While grateful for both collections, I sense in them an air of a coterie of drama-professors addressing each other to the exclusion of anyone other than their graduate students. But there is surely a world of readers elsewhere who need providing for: music-lovers at their gramophones, study-bound readers of dramatic literature, directors and performers and audiences of modern revivals. I hope these collections will not inhibit the publication of better-integrated, more ambitious and more widely accessible books on the theatre history (broadly and impurely defined) of the period.

On-stage summaries

Alastair Goolden

ARNOLD P. KINCHIFFE
"Volpone"
88pp. 0 333 34132 3
LOIS POTTER
"Twelfth Night"
80pp. 0 333 33995 9
GORDON WILLIAMS
"Macbeth"
80pp. 0 333 34000 0
Macmillan. £3.95 each.

The slim volume which slips easily into the pocket yet contains the key to an understanding of the somewhat stouter work upon which it is a commentary has been with us for many years; it has assumed many forms and made many extravagant claims about the service it provides for its reader. Embracing years of scholarship in a modest chapter or two, it peppers its pages with a decent quota of acknowledged authorities whose very names provide weight without mass and bulk without volume. Its contribution to learning has traditionally failed to outmeasure its physical stature.

The new Macmillan series of studies on Shakespeare and his contemporaries entitled "Text and Performance" is a recent addition to this crowded shelf in the library of literary criticism. Each edition contains a plot synopsis, an outline of major sources, a reading list, a section on text and a section on performance. This last is really the only feature which sets the series apart from its fellows. The stated intention is to balance a basic explanation of the

ments of the text with a comparative look at specific modern productions of the play. Undoubtedly this makes more lively reading, drawing on selected reviewers for an outline description in each case and filling in with additional analysis from the commentator.

Compiling a composite critique in this way does pin-point some of the principal issues, and shows some alternative ways of confronting them. But a preface to the series proclaims its objective—to present each play as a vital experience in the mind of the reader; the "literariness" of the play emerges quite clearly by a recognition and appreciation of the two forms of the play combined in the series title are not achieved by these means. The theory is admirable, but it is the format itself which lets down the end-product. The space available simply does not permit more than a superficial treatment of the questions raised, so that many of them remain only partially answered. It is not easy to assess the text in the light of an unseen performance when this is described in such a fragmentary way.

The contributors to the series are for the most part university lecturers, and are therefore well informed and presumably aware of the needs of undergraduates; but it is hard to accept that the undergraduates can benefit much from a work whose level of penetration is so obviously limited by its size. The sixth-form student, at whom the series is also aimed, will perhaps feel less deprived. The casual reader will surely be disappointed, for the opportunity to produce a detailed analysis of a play taking its performance as the dominant theme has here been entirely missed.

States of extravagance

Francis King

QUENTIN CREWE
The Last Maharaja: A biography of Sawai Man Singh II, Maharaja of Jaipur
258pp. Michael Joseph. £12.95.
0718126327
VIJAYARAJE SCINDIA with MANOHAR MALGONKAR
Princess: The autobiography of the Dowager Maharani of Gwalior
279pp. Century. £10.95.
0712610359

In essence, Quentin Crewe's biography *The Last Maharaja* and Vijayaraje Scindia's autobiography, *Princess*, tell the same story. Until the British quit India, the rulers of Jaipur, Gwalior and many other princely states led lives of a luxury so vulgarly conspicuous that, given the abject poverty of most of their subjects, disgust can only vie with awe as each extravagance is detailed. Servants to command were counted in thousands, tigers to be shot in hundreds. When Jai (as the last Maharaja of Jaipur, Sawai Man Singh II, was called by his intimates) married off his daughter First Her Highness, otherwise known as Mickey, the wedding reached the Guinness Book of Records as the most expensive ever given. When the husband of the now widowed Dowager Maharani of Gwalior built himself in Delhi a residence "much more modest than most of our houses", it consisted of a dozen bedrooms, three reception rooms and a separate guest-house with its own suites of rooms, garages, servants' quarters and stables. "Such was our life," the Maharani sums up at one point, "cushioned, insulated, ornate, taboo-ridden."

With the coming of Independence, "the fairy-tale was destroyed" (as Jai's indefatigable biographer, Quentin Crewe, puts it). The Congress leaders, as devious as Mountbatten before them, gave guarantees which they were either unwilling or unable to honour. At first, the Princes still retained their titles and were granted privy purses exempt from income tax. (That of the Maharaja of Gwalior was an annual half-a-million dollars, so that, even after he had ceased to rule his state, he was able to buy a war-surplus Dakota and three smaller planes to make him and his wife, in her words, "free from the train-schedules"). But in 1970-71 Mrs Gandhi eventually got a bill through the Indian Parliament to strip the Princes of both their privileges and pensions - explaining, with sweet unreasonableness, that these "deprivations would strengthen" them.

Before that, Jai had taken up the far from arduous post of Indian Ambassador to Spain - a country in which Indians were so rare that the inhabitants stared at him - and there continued to indulge his passion for killing birds (on one

occasion fourteen guns shot 1,327 partridges on one day and 2,272 the next). Meanwhile, back in India, his third wife, Ayesha, far tougher and brighter, had become a successful politician. The Maharani of Gwalior had also entered politics, first, at Nehru's persuasion, as a member of the Congress Party, and then, sickened by its abuses of power, as one of Mrs Gandhi's most vociferous opponents. In 1975, when Mrs Gandhi declared a State of Emergency to enable her to intimidate the more important members of the opposition, the two women, Ayesha and the Maharani of Gwalior, found themselves crammed together into a doctor's small consulting-room in the Delhi prison in which they had been incarcerated. Eventually, on the grounds that, in such proximity, their prayers and puja might come into conflict, the Maharani of Gwalior was moved into one of the condemned cells.

It is difficult to write a remarkable book about an unremarkable man such as Jai, for all his decency, physical courage and easy-going charm, all too clearly was. The chief interests of his life were polo (he was killed by a fall during a match at Cirencester), parties and fornication. (His letters to his closest male friend, often beginning "Rahit my dearest" and signed "Lots of love Jai", are full of references to "girls", usually white, and to "fun", usually in bed.) Mr Crewe has also had to labour under two other disadvantages. The first of these is that many of the relevant papers have either been lost or devoured by termites, the second that those Indians who knew Jai now tend to surround him with a mythical aura. Unfortunately, when Crewe does have the opportunity to pep up his narrative, he sometimes fails to take advantage of it. A case in point is that entertaining old rascal F. S. (Freddie) Young, Jaipur's Chief of Police, whom Crewe mentions on five separate occasions without ever giving a character sketch of him. There are a number of people (myself included) who could have told him, for example, how Young, a man of outsize physique and sense of self-importance, had the imperial and imperious habit of banging on a gong to summon a host of servants to dress his Obesity, while he himself remained totally immobile. None the less, *The Last Maharaja*, is a well-researched, always interesting study of power in irrevocable decline.

The Maharani of Gwalior, resilient, strong-willed and full of intelligence, is a far more interesting person than Jai. In writing her book, she has also had the inestimable advantage of being assisted by Manohar Malgonkar, one of India's half-dozen best novelists. Her book deserves to be set beside the splendid autobiography, *A Princess Remembers*, written by Jai's Ayesha with the assistance of another fine Indian novelist, Santha Rama Rau.

A monarch talks

M. R. D. Foot

GILBERT KIRSCHEN
L'Education d'un prince: Entretien avec le roi Léopold III
158pp. Brussels; Didier Hatier.
287088 5318

L'Education d'un prince is virtually an autobiography of the young Léopold III, of Belgium, set out in conversations with Gilbert Kirschchen, now the doyen of the Brussels bar, held late in 1976. The king talked, quite without reserve, on the understanding that nothing would appear in his lifetime (he died in 1983).

What he had to say is doubly interesting, personally for the light it throws on himself and politically for the picture it gives of how a crown prince can be prepared for his eventual role as king. His father, the heroic Albert, was at once a loving and an intimidating figure; his Wittelsbach mother adored him and his siblings, but adored her husband even more. He was brought up to old-fashioned virtues, to be hard-working, truthful, punctual, handy; his scientific bent was encouraged; as a grown man, he learned to enjoy rock-climbing with his father. Part of the 1914-18 war he spent as a boy at Elton, part at his father's elbow at La

Panne. After the war he travelled widely, with his mother to North Africa and with friends nearer his own age to the Dutch East Indies, the Belgian Congo and Brazil. Anyone inclined to superstition can understand why he acquired so dismal a reputation: he was present at the opening of Tutankhamun's tomb.

Léopold tackles head-on the decision for which Paul Reynaud and Winston Churchill attacked him bitterly in 1940, to surrender the Belgian army after less than three weeks' combat against the invading Germans; asounds his constitutional role as its commander; and explains that, as the battle was lost already, he saw no point in adding further thousands to the lists of military and civilian casualties. He ends with a few remarks, topical in present-day England, about the value of monarchy as a constitutional device. He compares what is written down in the lawyers' textbooks to the visible tip of an iceberg; the real weight lies hidden. In a monarch's case, it lies in the knowledge of statesmen and public affairs built up over many years, which sound judgment can apply quickly and discreetly to resolve crises that baffle outsiders. A dozen letters in facsimile-writing lagged by was among the Belgian royal house's accomplishments - and unfamiliar photographs add to the book's value. It enhances understanding of modern Europe, and of a much maligned monarch.

Acquaintance with exclusion

Jonathan Burnham

JOHN DAVID MORLEY
Pictures from the Water Trade:
An Englishman in Japan
259pp. Deutsch. £9.95.
0233 977031

Pictures from the Water Trade is an investigation of territory mapped out in Ian Buruma's recent study of the more outlandish side of culture, *A Japanese Mirror* (reviewed in the TLS, March 9, 1984): a shady world of geisha bars and cabarets where the Japanese go to play and exhibit a side of their character that ba no chance to flower in the highly regulated worlds of the office or family. This is the "water trade" of the title, the *mizu shobai*, a floating, loose-knit community which readily welcomes the robust foreigner and provides, if he is curious, a large amount of material for an alternative account of Japan.

John David Morley gives his curiosity full rein, writing of three years in Japan in the third person as the story of a young man called Boon; and this is a sensible way of organizing and presenting a considerable variety of thought and experience. Boon studies *shodo*, the art of calligraphy, and develops a sexual infatuation for his teacher; he attends weddings and funerals, stays with a number of different families, works in a school, becomes a regular at certain bars and falls in love with a provincial night-club bossess. The novel-like adventures of an innocent abroad tend to lack structure, but this may be a consequence of Boon's restless promiscuity: relationships, like the promising friendship with a man called Ichimonji, seem to develop rapidly and then disappear from sight, and the long affair with the hostess, the mysterious Mariko, is a trail of misunderstandings and brutish sexual encounters until it peters out with Boon's realization that "she was simply opaque. He did not understand her at all." Yet, once the reader appreciates that the mishaps and stumblings are directed to the one end, of understanding

the Japanese, the story falls together. Boon is not so much in search of love as of material, and every chance occurrence, an unexpected invitation or a scuffle in a bar, goes into his files.

Interspersed with the narrative are fairly long passages in which Boon wrestles with the psychology of the Japanese as it is reflected in the language. These parts of the book, although they sit less well within the novel design, are as successful in their way as the anecdotes drawn from life. Boon explores such notions as *aimai*, the circumspect and ambiguous speech-patterns which soften the impact of plain statements in Japanese, and he elaborates on Takeo Doi's theory of *amae*, the sense of dependence which is instigated by the intense mother-son relationship in the Japanese family and extends, problematically, into adult life.

Much of Boon's reflection turns inevitably on the crucial insider/outsider consciousness which permeates Japanese society and constitutes, he argues, a horizontal dimension which may well escape the attention of the foreign observer looking for the vertical hierarchy, has so often read about. An awareness of this bound to affect a Westerner living for some length of time in Japan, and it clearly affects Boon; indeed, the parts of the book which ring truest are those in which he describes exactly what it feels like to be an outsider in a collection of insiders. His sense of exclusion seems to grow rather than diminish as his knowledge of the people and the language deepens. Nevertheless, he is learning all the time, and his research results in a stimulating account of Japan from the point of view of a disenchanted but sympathetic Westerner, highly attentive to detail, and continually prepared to go beneath the surface and seek explanations. Boon's stamping-ground, the water-trade, provides an image of a deeply rooted Japanese spirit that coexists with the grimier world of the factory and office, and a critical presentation of this pleasure-garden is as valuable as any dutiful study of Japanese company structure. It is also very entertaining to read.

Lettered more humanely

J. H. C. Leach

MICHAEL LONGSON
A Classical Youth
168pp. Muller, Blond and White. £12.95.
085634 1967

In the introduction to the first edition of *Sabinus Corolla*, the editors speak (of course in Latin) of the practice of composing Latin and Greek verses as becoming more old-fashioned with every day that passes. That was in 1850; now in 1985 Michael Longson reminds us that the art can still be successfully and enjoyably practised. *A Classical Youth*, a slight volume of autobiography, concludes with some versions into Latin and Greek verse. Before that, it conveys us only through the author's schooldays (pre-prep school, preparatory school in Hove, and university years, ending with his taking Greats at Oxford in 1934. Perhaps part of Longson's motive in putting pen to paper is his consciousness that he was one of those to enjoy some of the last wine of a famous vintage: the English classical education. He came sixth on the scholarship list at Eton despite (or so it appears) scoring a noble zero in the mathematics paper; he won the Newcastle; in the scholarship examination at Trinity (Oxford) he came ahead even of A. F. Wells. He took an excellent First in Honour Moderations. Only in Greats, although he had H. H. Price and Ronald Syme among his tutors, did things go wrong, but he may perhaps console himself with the reflection that in those days a Third was no disgrace (he was one of forty so to be classified in 1934, while four stout fellows achieved that most difficult feat of all, a Fourth-class degree).

Longson's look at his schoolboy and undergraduate self is pleasantly dispassionate. His affection for Eton is none the less obvious for being understated, and his humorous appreciation of his skill, or lack of it, at cricket and other games will strike a ready spark of recognition. More seriously, he tells us of the per-

sonal problems which he encountered at various times throughout his youth, and does so with an honesty which compels admiration. Not all his schoolmasters (or schoolmistresses) are heroes (or heroines), and there are reminders that in those days bullying and beating, if doubtless less severe and endemic than fifty years earlier, were still very much part of the schoolboy's life.

Eton has been copiously written about at all periods in its history, and the time between the wars is no exception (Longson rightly refers us to Richard Ollard's admirable *An English Education*); perhaps most readers will find greater interest, relatively speaking, in the accounts of The Leas preparatory school at Hove, and especially, of Trinity College in the early 1930s. Some familiar figures make their appearance, notably that delightful and eccentric and snobbish President, and the Public Orator, A. B. Poynton (who wore a bowler hat and bright yellow mackintosh while watching cricket in the Parks). Longson gives us an account of what was arguably the last truly carefree time that undergraduates have known, because of that, I could have wished it considerably longer.

At the book's end are printed some examples of his excellent light verse (he wrote some twenty years a contributor to *Punch*), and the Latin and Greek verses, which, though fluent, do not really bear comparison with those of an Etonian predecessor of his, Mr. Ronald Knott. One or two lapses of memory should be pointed out: the editor of *Callulus* was Robinson (not Robertson) and A. F. Wells could not have won the Hartford twice, which would not have been allowed; he won it once, in 1932. If things had gone rather differently (there is the possibility, it seems, that a letter went astray), Michael Longson might well have been one of my own teachers, and in that case I should have come under the wing of a well-read, humane and compassionate man. His pupils at Eton and the Academy should count themselves lucky.

Violence to limb and language

Peter Sutcliffe

GERALD PAWLE
R. E. S. Wyatt: Fighting cricketer
278pp. Allen and Unwin. £12.95.
0047961023
PETER MAY with MICHAEL MELFORD
A Game Enjoyed: An autobiography
224pp. Stanley Paul. £9.95.
0091622603
ASHLEY MALLET
Trumper: The illustrated biography
232pp. Macmillan. £16.95.
0333 40906X
MICHAEL RUNDLE
The Dictionary of Cricket
272pp. Allen and Unwin. £12.95.
0047961031

R. E. S. Wyatt, "fighting cricketer" of Warwickshire, Worcestershire and England, pug-nacious administrator, appeared on the first-class scene in 1927, and did not finally depart until 1957. Gerald Pawle's biography, full of violence and broken bones, offers food for thought about a man not generally supposed to have been in the highest class, nor in much need of a biography. But Mr Pawle has chosen well.

The prevalence of intimidatory fast bowling between the wars is one of his themes. Pawle reminds us of MacDonald, Howell, Larwood, Farnes, Root, Copson - to name but a few - pounding away, up and down the country, giving the county batsmen "a fearful hammering" on exposed and usually damp wickets. (The fact that they also got a lot of runs can only be explained by the appalling flogging.) Wyatt was very vulnerable to fast bowling, but his "amazing capacity for absorbing punishment", and his stubborn refusal to get out of the way, gave him a reputation for knowing how to handle it. So began his long martyrdom. Pawle logs eleven major injuries.

If Wyatt had allowed injuries to keep him out of the game he would have had little cricket. Somehow he hobbled through the seasons. He made a lot of runs in 1929, "trussed like a chicken all the while" - Larwood having shattered two of his ribs. As England's captain against Australia in 1934 he was kept out of the first Test by a broken thumb. It did not respond to treatment but he played through the rest of the series, in great discomfort, and broke a toe as well. Worse was to befall him in the West

Indies. First Farnes (the bowler who had broken his thumb) felled him in the nets with an alarming blow to the heart. Then in Georgetown a smoothie tried to sell him a miniature coffin with his own corpse in it, muttering the word "Martindale". In his first over in the Jamaica Test Martindale caused a ball to come back sharply off the seam and to home uncannily on to Wyatt's jaw, breaking it in four places. In the dressing-room, with the windows closed and despite the hubbub of the crowd, the breaking of Wyatt's jaw sounded like gunfire. He was on the next banana boat home.

As usual, he made a remarkable recovery, but his curious destiny continued to dog him. In Australia in 1936, he contrived to break an arm before the tour proper had begun, attempting to hook on a rough up-country wicket. He missed in consequence three Tests. Not for the first time Wyatt's injuries occurred before he could come face to face with the enemy.

Wyatt loved his cricket. Perhaps he failed to convey the special pleasure he got from it to the public, for he was not a popular player. His manner was brusque and often surly. In forty Tests he averaged a moderate 33 and only twice reached 100, each time against South Africa. His record was unlikely to make him anybody's idol outside Warwickshire. His appointment as England's captain for the last Test of 1930 outraged the public, for he up-planted the dashing Percy Chapman, who had all the flair that Wyatt lacked. Perhaps he was never quite forgiven for that.

"True greatness" is what Pawle is trying to thrust upon a possibly reluctant Wyatt. He hopes that the polite praises of contemporaries will refute any suggestion that Wyatt's rather stodgy style robbed "him of a claim to genuine distinction". He was "a very private person", Pawle adds in extenuation. But alas, despite his efforts, the conventional assessment - useful middle-order batsman, a man of an obdurate, humourless and autocratic disposition - may after all prevail. Pawle concedes too much, but he has scrupulously investigated, within the permitted limits, an elusive and complex personality - and certainly left us in no doubt about Wyatt's "almost inhuman bravery".

As a cricket biography R. E. S. Wyatt abides by the mysterious convention that plagues the genre, that for gentlemen at least whatever happens in a cricketer's private or domestic life has absolutely nothing to do with the reader. But it differs to the thoroughness of the

research and the copious interviews with those who have known or played with Wyatt. Pawle's methods have enabled him to come closer to his subject than Peter May does in *A Game Enjoyed*. Even with Michael Melford's help, May has not quite brought himself to life. "Genuine distinction", however, was something he never lacked, at Charterhouse, Cambridge, the Oval and all the Test grounds in the world. In this book, there is a chapter on selecting, which gives nothing away; and one headed "Cricket's Problems Today and Tomorrow", which is unexceptionable. As a concession to the morbid curiosity of the public there is a very short chapter entitled "Off the Field", which reveals that his wife and four daughters are passionately fond of horses whereas he does not ride. For the most part May and his aide attempt to give some account of each of the sixty-six Test matches in which May played, of the important Surrey games in their seven years' ascendancy as county champions, and of any other memorable fixtures. It does not really work, though as game follows game and the scores are noticed in the mind, one may be lulled back into the 1950s when most of it happened. There seemed at the time to be a constant worry about where the next fast bowler or opening bat was to come from, but it was in fact a very benign era, the era of Laker and Lock on wickets to suit them, Cowdrey and May, Trueman and Statham - and one victory after another. It ended perhaps at Old Trafford in 1961, when May was bowled round his legs by Benaud for nought, on occasion which May passes over briskly, half blaming Dexter for hating too well, thus setting an example to the other players that they tried but were unable to follow, with disastrous results.

It may seem a long way from poor Wyatt's haunted world of soothsayers and broken jaws, but it should be borne in mind that May was taken seriously ill in Georgetown in 1960 and had to go home, and some twenty years later the England players were virtually under siege in their hotel there. Today none of them will set foot in Guyana, where the malign little man Wyatt met fifty years ago could still be in business.

Trumper has always brought out the encomiasts. This "illustrated biography" of the great Australian is in coffee-table format and has a lot of good photographs. It also has a lot of text, which is a mistake, for although this is described as Ashley Mallett's nineteenth sporting book he has not been learning from experi-

ence. As an off-spinner, he could command respect; of his English prose it is impossible to speak highly. Adopting a cast-off Boy's Own style with a seasoning of Strine, with fanciful dialogues and the historic present, he does much to quench the glory that was Trumper. In the course of his research he found a small pocket diary, Trumper's diary for 1902. "As a cricket writer the Trumper diary meant as much to me as stumbling across the Lost City of Atlantis would to an archaeologist", he writes. The diary yields such gems as "Missed hus... 92". This prompts the biographer to intervene: "Humor from Trumper: He certainly did 'miss the bus' as he puts it." He does not say how long he had to wait for the next, but there will surely be another Trumper biography along soon.

Michael Rundell, a lexicographer, has compiled an unusual dictionary, one that can be read from start to finish with enjoyment and edification. A young boy's cricketering vocabulary would blossom overnight if he were allowed to spend the night with it; older people will be glad to refresh their memories on bonus points, and many other points too; all will find information in the form of brief reflective essays rather than definitions. The nearest comparable work is W. J. Lewis's *The Language of Cricket* (1934). It was full of rare words and expressions, often not marked obsolete, but clearly about to become so. Apart from the basic, working vocabulary which does not greatly change, the taste in the 1920s was for the fanciful and jocose, for forced metaphors and pointless euphemisms. In today's cricket-speak, simplicity and brevity are favoured. Flash. Touch. Shout. Walk. Those words tell a complete story now, but none of them was included in Lewis's book.

There can be no doubt that the main influences on cricket-speak are the radio and television commentators. There could even be a dictionary of their favourite phrases. Those who stay tuned to Radio 3 when the music stops are particularly at risk, and there must be many in this category desperately in need of *The Dictionary of Cricket*. It may well be that what the listener is taking in is quite different from what is going on in a green field far away. The Dictionary could correct this and provide invaluable injections of reality. Free from false dreams, the listener would have no need to wonder what the batsman was actually doing "shuffling across", or inexplicably "putting up the shutters".

Declaring and retiring

Alan Ross

GRAHAM GOOCH with ALAN LEE
Out of the Woodness
153pp. Collins Willow. £8.95.
0002181789
BOB WILLIS
Lasting the Pace
183pp. Collins Willow. £9.95.
0002181363
ALAN KNOTT
It's Knott Cricket: The autobiography of Alan Knott
165pp. Macmillan. £8.95.
0333 38239Q
DAVID LEMMON
Ken McEwan
132pp. Allen and Unwin. £8.95.
0047961120

These are not, for a change, all ghost stories, though they might well have been, so unflattering and flavourless is their style. The four distinguished cricketers concerned could scarcely be more unlike in character or method, so if there is something about their common audience that has reduced their varying life-stories to tales of such similar and passionless decorum. Either that, or the over-lapping of material in most cases leads to a feeling of being served warmed-up greens.

The books which bear the names of Graham Gooch and Bob Willis have, in fact, been written in collaboration with Alan Lee, a freelance journalist who has also apparently acted as midwife to Tony Greig, David Gower, and Keith Fletcher in similar enterprises. Willis's

book acknowledges this assistance on the title page, Willis's only on the jacket. Since they come from the same publisher this is puzzling; perhaps the task of galvanizing Gooch into print was the more onerous. Or perhaps the fact that Lee has twice worked with Willis before on his tour diaries now makes the addition of his name redundant? These degrees of collaboration must be of some fascination to the general reader.

Alan Knott's book, one must presume, is all his own work, though the acknowledgements page expresses gratitude to a trio of journalists, as well as the Jack Long Trio, "for many entertaining evenings away from cricket" and to "Danny O'Donnell, George and Elaine Poplewell, Tony Toms (and many others) for physical training, body maintenance and the stamina to write this book". Anyone who has ever had to observe Knott on or off the cricket field going through his obsessive and ritualistic knee-bends and toe-touchings will not find the least acknowledgement at all surprising. The four distinguished cricketers concerned could scarcely be more unlike in character or method, so if there is something about their common audience that has reduced their varying life-stories to tales of such similar and passionless decorum. Either that, or the over-lapping of material in most cases leads to a feeling of being served warmed-up greens.

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about whom it must have been difficult to scrape up even the 132 pages the book runs to. Lemmon is an Essex man and McEwan, foolishly allowed to let slip by Sussex, became an Essex batsman with a magic touch and a hunger for runs. Unfortunately, as a South African who stuck with his nationality, he played no Test cricket and made few headlines. He made friends instead, his sweetness of timing and innocent air endearing him to all followers of the county circuit. There is no scandal, no controversy, in Lemmon's sympathetic account of McEwan's career, the sudden end of which plainly took Lemmon by surprise, for he envisages several more seasons for his hero. This is a book for boys, Essex and South African boys in particular.

Alan Lee has done an efficient job for his clients; Gooch and Willis, boring though it must have been for him to go over the dreary and now stale business of Packer and the South African Breweries, four times, albeit from different angles and with different results. It must be hard for a ghost to conjure up two tones of voice and though each book is written in the first person there is undeniably a certain monotony of manner.

Nevertheless, there is some unfamiliar material in both books. Gooch's defensiveness about the venture that earned him a three-year ban from Test cricket is never convincing, but despite the inadequacy of the logic the matter is discussed with frankness. Loyalty and honour appear to get missed out of the argument, but otherwise Gooch does his best to come to terms with a decision that was always going to cost him most. Though he had served his sent-

ence, *Out of the Wilderness* had gone to press before the 1985 season was properly under way. It looks as if the second volume should have a happier ending, with fame added to fortune.

Lasting the Pace will appeal to all interested in surgery and hypnosis as well as cricket. Willis is pleased to confess that he is forthright in his opinions and so he is. A little slow, perhaps, and faintly comatose and leaden in expression, but he is always fair and thoughtful. There seems no malice in him and his account of his ups and downs, injuries and triumphs, is always readable. As in the Gooch book there is some technical discussion, at least enough for the adolescent cricketer to digest with benefit.

It's Knott Cricket provides a routine run-through of Knott's career, from his Test successes under Closs, Cowdrey, Illingworth and Brearley, to his involvement with Packer and South Africa, and his gradual shift from the limelight. Many of his opinions are rather surprising, but he offers his views on such matters as honours and overseas players in county cricket; captains and equipment; with vigour. He expresses no concern about criticism in the papers because he hardly ever reads, apparently. He has, though, gained much from, as he calls it, "becoming a Christian", something formalized by going forward at the Kensington Temple in 1973. Knott's confidence, that faith in the Lord would always lead him to right decisions, such as joining Packer and going on the Breweries tour to South Africa, might seem to others occasionally misplaced, or at least sadly conducive to uncritical complacency.

A time of terror

Joanna Motion

MARA KAY
Storm Warning
206pp. Goodchild. £6.95.
086391 0483

"Niece, Ward and Sole Living Relative to a journalist, you must learn to notice things." This is the style, part breezy, part critical, in which pipe-smoking Uncle Dick addresses young Ann Lindsay, the central character of *Storm Warning*. What she notices, under his guidance, is the absence of taxis, the cleanliness of the streets and the striking amount of military hardware being moved about. The book is set in Germany in the last year before the Second World War, at a time when it was still possible for English visitors to behave more or less as tourists, while conditions for some others in the country had collapsed into terror. Mara Kay's novel is an adventure story which takes in both the ominous lull of the Munich agreement and the glare of the Crystal night.

For most of the action Ann is in that productive state, for adventurers, of being not only parentless but uncles. A car accident puts her guardian into traction in hospital and lands Ann as a convalescent lodger with a German family in Frankfurt. As she gets better, she discovers end is drawn into the predicament of two Jewish girls hiding. Ann Frank-fashon, in the attic and seeking a way to rejoin their threatened parents and escape to Switzerland. The task of getting the girls safely over the frontier gradually creates a local resistance network of friends and neighbours, some stalwart, some reluctant. Opposing their plans, consciously or otherwise, are not only the Gestapo and the blockführer but Eleonore von Waldenfels, the haughty daughter of a high-ranking Nazi officer, who is determined to baffled Ann.

Sea-fearing folk

Nicole Irving

MICHAEL MORPURGO
Why the Whales Came
139pp. Heinemann. £7.95.
0434952001

Why the Whales Came is both an adventure story with a tantalizing mystery at its centre, and an unpretentious account of the everyday life of a young girl on Bryher, one of the Isles of Scilly, in 1914.

Gracie Jenkins, the lively, impetuous narrator, is ten; her parents, simple, hard-working people, live, as do all their neighbours, off what the sea and the land provide. Gracie and her friend, Daniel, are inseparable. All too often, they have to take the boat to school on nearby Treago; they also often help their parents, gathering driftwood or fishing for bait for the lobster-pots; but as soon as they are free, they are off playing with the miniature boats which Daniel has built with Gracie's help.

Parts of Bryher are out of bounds to them: even more forbidding than the steep cliffs and treacherous sea is the Birdman, an old man who lives in a lonely cottage with his animals. He is from the neighbouring island of Samson, and the mysterious and unexplained curse of Samson is attached to him. Thus when Gracie and Daniel's usual place of play is invaded by swans and the children stray towards the Birdman's cottage, it takes Daniel's sensible and logical attitude to persuade Gracie to discount the less likely tales told about the recluse and the curse.

The friendship grows between the Birdman, Daniel and Gracie, with Daniel learning to communicate with the kind, sensitive old man, who is neither mad nor terrifying but deaf. The two children contrive to spend much of their time with their new, secret friend. The curse of Samson, however, remains unexplained, and Gracie has still not overcome all her fears. The war brings matters to a head: Gracie's father joins up, and life becomes hard. Daniel and Gracie help out by getting a catch of fish and this turns into a dangerous adventure as fog descends on their boat, leaving them

The story has its melodramatic and implausible elements: mysterious nuns rattle collection boxes and arrange rendezvous in the back pew at early mass; Gestapo officers are tall and thin with a scar under the left eye. But the real events of the period are even more histrionic and hideously beyond implausibility. Kay conveys tellingly the fear and unreality of ordinary life, when monstrous injustice cuts across humdrum routine.

It occurred to her that beyond all the houses and gardens and streets that separated Mylius Strasse from the centre of the city, somewhere in Gestapo headquarters, the man who had helped Doctor Weiss to save the Jews was waiting to be discovered at any moment. Was he sitting at a desk, or, like Ann, standing by the window watching small white clouds chase each other all over the grey November sky?

Kay describes the apprehension that clouded Ann Frank's life, also: that it is the deprivation of such simple pleasures as walking the dog or having an unobstructed view down the street, which makes the plight of such incarcerated children so painful. She is careful to explore some of the complexities in the problem of nice enough people getting involved in the Nazi programme: Peter, the son of the house where Ann recuperates, is half admiring, half fearful of the Gestapo; he finds the bonfires and smashing glass of the Crystal night exhilarating before its real nature comes home to him. Only in Eleonore does Kay indicate a cruel attack, and this brings about a savage and surprising retribution for the German girl.

It is hard to avoid potting the history and oversimplifying the explanations when writing about such a difficult period in history, and these are obstacles Mara Kay sometimes collides with. But her approach to the subject is both direct and sensitive, and the excitement as the escape attempt gathers momentum carries the reader over the few passing hesitations.

marooned on the dreaded Samson. When, immediately after their return, news arrives that Gracie's father is lost, presumed dead, the children feel they have brought the curse on their families and they are spurred on by these events to uncover the Birdman's secret. He reveals that the curse began with a massacre of whales by the people of Samson; a beached whale now offers an opportunity to redeem this misdeed. The villagers must save the whale and chase the entire shoal into the open, sacrificing the meat and ivory they could provide.

Michael Morpurgo's story is well paced and well rounded: at the end, there are dramatic moments as the villagers are swayed, with the help of Gracie's mother, towards doing the right thing: there is sadness as the Birdman disappears and, we assume, dies, although the qualities which set him apart make this a fitting – and moving – conclusion; there is joy as Gracie's father returns after all, confirming, in the children's minds, the lifting of the curse. But the story is good in more subtle ways too: Morpurgo is a delicate writer who trusts his readers to weigh up the evidence and draw their own conclusions. A variety of conflicting views of the war are hinted at; women's strengths and courage play a crucial part; the islanders are not presented as simple-minded and greedy, but as a hard-working community to which the sea occasionally brings good fortune. Michael Morpurgo's world is not black-and-white: it is, without contrivance, rich, complex and thought-provoking.

Presenting Robert Cormier by Patricia J. Campbell (168pp, with 5 illustrations. Twayne Publishers, 70 Lincoln Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02111, USA. \$12.95. 0 8057 8200 1) is a recently published study of Robert Cormier's books for young adults. It contains a biographical chapter and draws on interviews with Cormier to show him at work, but focuses mainly on the novels and short stories themselves, including chapters on *The Chocolate War*, *I am the Cheese*, *After the First Death*, *The Bumblebee Flies Anyway* and *Beyond the Chocolate War*. An appendix gives details of films based on Robert Cormier's work, and a selected bibliography lists his writings (published and unpublished).

At an angle to history

Neil Philip

GARETH OWEN
The Final Test
Illustrated by Paul Wright
128pp. Gollancz. £5.95.
0 575 03699 0
WILLI FAHRMANN
The Long Journey of Lukas B.
Translated by Anthea Bell
280pp. Anderson. £7.95.
0 86264 116 0

Gareth Owen's *The Final Test* tackles large themes: friendship, betrayal, death. It does so without becoming ponderous or portentous; there is an understated economy in its best passages that is moving and effective. There are also, however, passages of exaggerated incident or emotion which dull the keenness of the best writing. It is, in other words, a promising first novel.

The two chief characters are cricket-mad ten-year-olds in the summer of 1947. The book spans a long summer holiday in which the two boys get to know each other, and each move towards an understanding of what the commitment to friendship involves. One, Skipper, is an invalid, with the intense imagination of the condemned. The other, Taters, is an aspiring cricketer, who stumbles into Skipper's domain in search of a ball, and stays to play miniature cricket and submit his skills to Skipper's piercing scrutiny. Skipper begins to live through Taters, who, because too much is demanded of him, betrays his friend's secret to the local bully, in a chillingly convincing scene.

All this is well done. But the lean narrative is padded with needless melodrama. The bullies are crudely drawn; suggestions that Skipper and Taters have some sort of telepathic link coarsen rather than strengthen their friendship; there is a scene of daredevil driving out of some other sort of story. The chief technical difficulty is the first-person narrative. The book is told by the adult Taters, and veers in viewpoint from retrospect to participation. Making Taters both the subject and the shepherd of the story confuses its impact. The overlying of certain scenes derives largely from the need to turn an elegiac memoir into a pacy children's tale.

The least satisfactory aspect of *The Final Test* is the mystery surrounding Skipper's disgraced and missing father, who lurks menacingly at the brink of the story without ever properly entering it. The search for a vagrant father is also at the heart of Willi Fahrmann's fine novel *The Long Journey of Lukas B.*

Odd-pig-out

Maureen McCulloch

DICK KING-SMITH
Saddlebottom
Illustrated by Alice Englander
118pp. Gollancz. £5.50.
0 575 03715 6

Noblest of farm animals is the pig, noblest of pigs the Wessex Saddleback and noblest of Saddlebacks, Saddlebottom. Odd-pig-out in an otherwise perfectly marked litter, spotted by his snobbish mother, Duchess Dorothea, and cold-shouldered by his siblings, Saddlebottom is to "make himself useful" as a sausage and ham while the rest of the family become breeding stock. Though daunted by the thought of woods full of unknown terrors, Saddlebottom is sensible enough to take the advice of a yellow-toothed old rat to go out into the great wide world and seek his fortune.

His courage is rewarded in a wood where he finds food and a friend – a one-eyed, worldly-wise, ginger-tom, Bendigo Bung-Eye, who lives in the wood in summer, migrating to town and adoption by a human family in winter. Saddlebottom is just settling into a life of plentiful contentment when Bendigo announces that winter is coming. The gregarious little pig, dismayed at the prospect of loneliness and secretly harbouring hopes of adoption by a kindly (vegetarian) family, begs to accompany his friend.



"At the corner shop", one of Diana John's illustrations to Bath Buns and Cheddar Cheese. Sketchbook of a West Country childhood (31pp. Methuen. £4.95. 0 416 511 007).

translated into stinewy, nicely weighed English by Anthea Bell. This is an outstanding book, a quest in which the journey is more important than the arrival. It has the large cast of sprawling nineteenth-century novel, hands with lively precision.

Set in the 1870s, the novel accompanies young Lukas Blennmann, with his grandfathers Friedrich and a gang of carpenters, as he voyages from Prussia to America. The carpenters are looking for work; Lukas is looking for his father, a painter who rebelled against Friedrich's ideals of craftsmanship, and the shackles of debts, family and duty. Lukas was nine. The tensions of freedom, discipline, art and craft, tradition and change are sewn deep into the fabric of the book.

The home life in the Prussian village, a strange isolated shipboard world, and the loneliness of America after the Civil War are each deftly conveyed in sharp scenes of oblique, charged dialogue and memorable images. There is a magnificent set-piece in which Friedrich and his crew pit their skills in a contest with a new steam-driven sawmill which the reader at the very junction of the old world and the new.

Fahrman finally balances the details of day-to-day life with the gathering momentum of the story. His characters never become, as they so easily might, simply puppets in a historical masque. They stand, so to speak, at an angle to the story, calculated to engage the attention and the emotions of the reader. Like the allegorical figurehead on which Friedrich and Lukas collaborate, it is a work of craft and art.

Letters

Continued from page 13

This supplied the needed key to my "manuscript solution". By the end of 1981 I had the typescript of *Galileo and His Sources* essentially completed, exhibiting all of the textual parallels between Galileo's two MSS, 27 and 46, and the handwritten lecture notes of Menu, Villa, Vitelleschi and other Jesuits at the Collegio. This, I must stress, was long before Carugo and Crombie published in 1983 the parallels they had discerned between Carbone and MS 27.

I commiserate with Crombie, and also with Carugo, for obviously their collaboration has not been fruitful, whatever the circumstances that may serve to explain this. I have known Crombie for a long time, and in fact wrote my first book, *The Scientific Methodology of Theodorico of Freiberg* (1959), as an elaboration of his treatment of Theodorico in an earlier volume on Robert Grosseteste (1953). He also had worked closely with my late Dominican confrères, Daniel Callus and James Weisheipl; it was on the basis of such contacts that I thought he might wish to collaborate with me on the Galileo notebooks. It saddens me greatly that he willed not to do so, and indeed turned to calumniating me instead. Were I a junior scholar, say, one without tenure in a university, I could well have been destroyed by his attacks. Now I too am approaching the end of my academic career, and have nothing to fear from them.

There are many observations I might make concerning the TLS review, were I to attempt a point-by-point rebuttal. Here it may suffice to offer only two. The first relates to what I see as misunderstandings on Crombie's part. Repeatedly I have explained to him that the footnote I added to the 1974 essay on "Galileo and the Thomists" referred to Dominican authors, that is, the Thomists I had analysed therein, not to Jesuits such as Clevisius, Pereira, or Toledo. But when I republished that essay in *Prelude to Galileo*, I still continue to leave room for misinterpretation. I removed the offending footnote altogether. Elsewhere in the same volume I fully credited Crombie and Carugo for the textual discoveries (pp 137, 199-200, 207). While I disagree with the conclusions they draw from them, as becomes clearer in *Galileo and His Sources*, I have at no time questioned their integrity or cast asper-

sions on their work. Again, in his TLS review of the *Sources* volume, Crombie misreads and takes completely out of context my remark that, in one particular passage, Pereira's text agrees more closely with Galileo's composition than does Vitelleschi's. This was presented by way of exception: many more parallels can be shown with Vitelleschi's lecture notes than with Pereira's text, and these are clearly exhibited in Part One of the volume – to say nothing of extensive references to similar parallels pointed out in *Galileo's Early Notebooks*.

My second observation relates to the agreements and the differences in the respective analyses of Galileo's likely sources proposed by Crombie and myself. We are agreed that these are basically Jesuit writings; the point of disagreement is whether they are printed works or manuscripts, the latter possibly being based on the former. Crombie and Carugo thus far have contented themselves with global statements about Galileo's use of the printed works of Clavius, Pereira and Toledo; apart from the parallels they exhibit with Carbone, they nowhere offer textual analyses in support of these statements. Nor are such analyses to be found in the typed portion of a manuscript, then entitled "Galileo and Merseus: Science, nature and the senses (1571/72)", which Crombie sent me, early in 1973. I suspect that Crombie and Carugo have far less stringent views than I as to what would constitute direct dependence on printed works. (It is noteworthy that in the 1975 essay [pp 164-5] Crombie speaks of Galileo's copying, not always accurately, and of taking material verbatim from such printed sources, whereas in the TLS review he backs down and speaks only of Galileo's work being "based on" them. Handwritten texts obviously can be "based on" printed works at second remove without being copied from them, precisely as I have argued in my book under review.) More important, neither Crombie nor Carugo offers any explanation for the sources of the larger parts of MSS 27 and 46, whose contents are not duplicated or even approximated in any printed source we know of. I, on the other hand, have been able to identify and date lecture notes covering most of these contents, and have painstakingly arranged them in parallel column with Galileo's writings to show

the extent of the correspondences between them. This is a powerful argument for derivation from such lecture notes, apparently missed completely by my two protagonists.

To conclude, the task of identifying and evaluating the sources of Galileo's early notebooks is enormously complicated, and obviously there is much room for further research. In such a situation I can only encourage Crombie and Carugo to persevere in their resolve to publish the long-promised *Galileo's Natural Philosophy*. If and when they do, I will be pleased to give it a careful reading and a sympathetic evaluation.

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'Jesus Through the Centuries'

Sir, – Was it James Joyce, as Anthony Burgess tells us in his review of Jaroslav Pelikan's *Jesus Through the Centuries* (December 20), or another Irishman, who said that Jesus Christ founded a Church on a pun ("Thou art Peter, and upon this rock...")?

"Unfortunately," wrote Bernard Shaw nearly eighty years ago, "this Christian Church, founded gaily with a pun, has become the Church where you must not laugh." I quote from *Our Theatres in the Nineties*, Vol 1, p vi (Constable 1932). Shaw was writing in 1906, when Joyce was twenty-four. If Joyce made the same comment – and in anything concerning him Mr Burgess is likely to be correct – perhaps his fellow-Dubliners made it first?

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FIFTY YEARS ON

The TLS of January 4, 1936, carried a review by Montgomery Belgion of Werner Brock's *An Introduction to Contemporary German Philosophy*, from which the following extracts are taken.

It must imply no inability to appreciate what is being done by philosophers in other countries, including our own, to say that at present in Germany alone does philosophy show signs of a promising rebirth. In Germany alone philosophy is appealing once more, not merely to specialists, but to all who are ready to succumb to the urgency and the spell of the fundamental human problems.

This is thanks in the main to the work of two men, Karl Jaspers and Martin Heidegger, who occupy respectively the chairs of philosophy at Heidelberg and Freiburg im Breisgau. In more than one sense these two men have brought philosophy back to life. Jaspers has given a fresh poignancy to the individual human being's responsibility for the shaping of his terrestrial span and has made it newly vivid. Heidegger has taken up the old problem of Parmenides, the problem of being; and has concentrated on the analysis of human existence. That is to say, both Jaspers and Heidegger have abandoned philosophy's vain wrestling with the *so-called Erkenntnisproblem* and have set out from the common human experience of being alive. Yet of these two men next to nothing is known here in England. It is true that one book by Jaspers has been translated under the title of "Man in the Modern Age"; but that book is perhaps more of a postscript than an introduction to his large and essential treatise, "Philosophie".

To the task of inciting us to seek the light in Germany and thus to tread a path already beaten out by a long procession of English philosophers having Coleridge at their head, he brings the best of qualifications. In one way Jaspers and Heidegger are both thoroughly traditional. They are to be regarded as the natural successors of Husserl, Dilthey and Weber; also, Heidegger, as I have found that he can best clarify and substantiate his own views by an exegesis of the pre-Socratics, and Jaspers, as he has turned back to Kant and Hegel. . . . since Jaspers and Heidegger, admittedly owe so much to Kierkegaard, can the new movement in philosophy, which they are originating, be satisfactorily separated from the parallel movement in Protestant theology which, drawing its inspiration from the same source, is being conducted in Germany by Brunner,

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